Vol. CXXXV. No. 1761.

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THE BYSTANDER SEPTEMBER 15, 1937.

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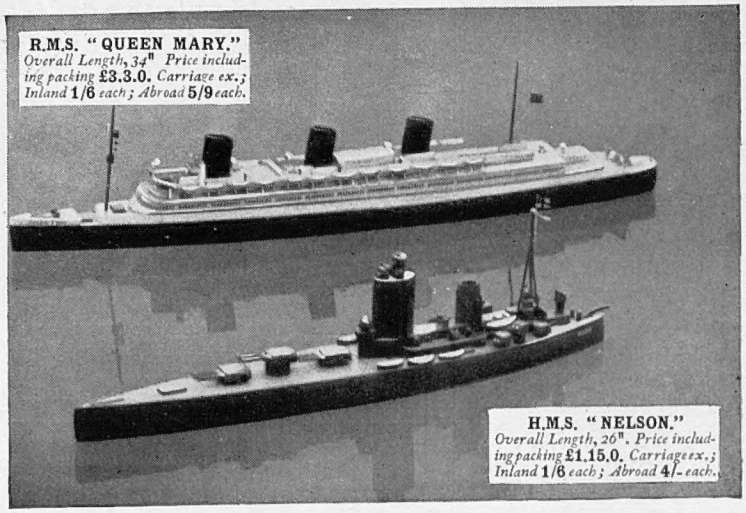


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The Bystander, September 15, 1937 No. 1761. Vol. CXXXV.

# The Bystander

## Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armour"

Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat came together in *Knight Without Armour* (London Pavilion, next week), and since then their paths haven't crossed. Marlene sailed back to America after her first English picture to make her first Lubitsch picture—*Angel*, with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas; at the moment she is holidaying in Austria with husband Rudolph Sieber and daughter Maria, then goes back to the States to make *French Without Tears*. Donat has had a long rest since *Knight Without Armour*, but he is due for two more films with Korda, and they will probably be Cronin's *The Citadel* and a thing called *Four Feathers*. There are more pictures of *Knight Without Armour* on the big film double, pages 404 - 5

# Party After Ballet

*Mrs. Keith Newall, Yurek Shabelevsky, Sono Osato*

*Alexandra Danilova*

*Shabelevsky was very much the hero of the first night of Colonel de Basil's autumn ballet season, first as a fine Petrouchka, and then in the "Prince Igor" Polovtsien dances. Sono Osato is another member of the company*

*Left: Danilova completed the "Petrouchka" triangle with Shabelevsky and Lichine, and went on to the reception afterwards*

*Lady Gage and Colonel W. de Basil*

*Lady Gage went up to the foyer after the ballet performance to the reception given by the new management to inaugurate themselves at Covent Garden and celebrate the return of Colonel de Basil and his company*

*Lord and Lady Winchilsea*

*Were two more of the first-night audience at Covent Garden on Monday last week*

*The Winter King of Covent Garden*

*Captain Bruce Ottley (right) is chairman and moving spirit of the new syndicate which has taken over Covent Garden from September to February for a series of years. The present ballet season is the first event under the new management. With Capt. Ottley are his wife, his son Lionel, and his nephew, William Ottley Bell*

*Lubov Tchernicheva and David Lichine*

*Mme. Tchernicheva was not dancing on the first night; Lichine appeared as the Blackamoor in "Petrouchka" and danced the "Blue Bird" variation with Riabouchinska*

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

INTERNATIONAL affairs continue to be painfully prominent, and the focus of excitement shifts with bewildering rapidity from Shanghai to Algiers, from Asturias to Hong-Kong, from Levantine waters to Manchukuo. Notes and protests go whizzing from capital to capital, and no one pays any attention to them. A fresh violation of international law takes place every day and nothing can be done about it. The disregard of human life is becoming as blatantly cynical as the disregard of human decency, and national honour has long ago been thrown aside by the aggressive militarists who are in the saddle in so many countries. Political morality is lower than it has been since the days of the Renaissance princes.

IN all this welter and chaos of evil, it is becoming increasingly difficult to select the important points for mention. Each new monstrosity is made so quickly out-of-date by a newer one, that a nine-days' wonder would be almost a rival of eternity.

To begin with the two main diplomatic Notes: it appears to be almost certain that Tokio is not going to give satisfaction for the shooting of Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen. Already the familiar shufflings and evasions are creeping out into the Japanese Press, and it looks as if the ultimate reply will be that no Japanese airman attacked Sir Hughe, because no Japanese airman is capable of such an action. The British Note, demanding an apology and an assurance that no repetition of the outrage would be allowed, was so stiff that, in the event of a Japanese refusal to comply with the demands, no other course is possible than the temporary severance of diplomatic relations with Tokio.

THE second important Note was the sudden accusation by Moscow that Italian ships were responsible for the sinking of two Russian cargo-boats in the Mediterranean. This has been universally described in our Press as a bombshell, whatever on earth a bombshell is. It had two interesting features about it. The first was that no real evidence was produced that the accusation is well founded, and it is an extraordinary thing to launch official charges of this sort without at the same time producing evidence in support. The second was that the "bombshell" was perfectly timed to upset Anglo-Italian co-operation in the anti-piracy conference. It looks as if Moscow is less concerned with the safety of its ships than with the risk of this country coming nearer to Italy, and that the Soviet was in a desperate hurry to throw sand into the works. It certainly acted so precipitately that it did not even wait to consult Paris.

HOWEVER, Great Britain and France pressed on with their conference for the suppression of piracy. The Nyon talks began at the week-end in a greater spirit of accord than would probably have existed if Germany and Italy had not refused their invitations to be present. But the measures that can be taken must be far less effective if these two countries refuse to participate in them. It is of paramount importance to us to maintain security for shipping in the Mediterranean, and the Government is taking a strong line on the subject with the entire approval of the country. With the unfortunate exception of the Elizabethan days when our greatest sailors were often indistinguishable, at least in the eyes of international law, from pirates, security on the high seas has been a fundamental part of British policy. It was Cromwell and Admiral Blake who routed out the Barbary corsairs, and Lord Exmouth who finally extinguished the Algerines. I hope that Mr. Eden and Admiral Pound will join them in history.

ANOTHER inflammable part of the world which is liable to burst into flames in the near future is India. Reports (which have not yet appeared in the newspapers) are reaching this country of steadily increasing friction between the various irreconcilable elements which may develop into communal

*Old Comedians—Laughing for Fun*

*At Denville Hall, Middlesex, there is a "Haven of Rest" for retired members of the theatrical profession over sixty-five years of age, and some of the names that topped the bills thirty years ago are on the register. These two veterans are Mr. Will Millward and Mr. Harry Cullingford; after spending a lifetime making the human race laugh at them they can now sit back and laugh at us—and they certainly seem to find it rare fun*

*New Comedians—Laughing for the Camera*

*René Clair, Maurice Chevalier, Adèle Astaire, and Jack Buchanan are still so fully in the limelight that they have to line up when the photographer says so, and smile with all their might. This time it was at a party at the Savoy to celebrate Jack Buchanan's completion of four films at Pinewood; Adèle Astaire and Maurice Chevalier co-star in the last, with René Clair as director*

troubles more serious than any for years. Business firms are examining their insurance policies, to make certain that they are covered against "riot and civil commotion." It is a jolly world we live in.

THE beano of the Nazi Party at Nuremberg has been more hysterical than ever before. Young women took part for the first time in the pagan "Hour of Dedication"; Labour Service young men goose-stepped past the saluting-base, stripped to the waist and carrying spades to symbolise their work on the land; and an atmosphere of blood and heathenism pervaded everything.

MR. H. G. WELLS has stirred up the ecclesiastics with his scornful references to Palestine in his address to the British Association. He described the Holy Land as simply a passage-way between Mesopotamia and Egypt, and King Solomon's Temple as the size of a smallish barn. The bishops are after him. At present they are hunting only in ones and twos, but the whole pack will be out pretty soon, unless the old spirit of the Church Militant has radically changed.

VIENNA is staging a most original art-exhibition. The Director of the Museum for Plastic Arts and Handicrafts has collected almost a hundred classic examples of the forger's art. One of the most famous of all forgeries was the bust of Flora which the great Dr. von Bode bought for Berlin in 1909 for £8000 as a Leonardo da Vinci. When evidence was brought forward that it was the work of an English nineteenth-century sculptor called Lucas, von Bode refused to believe it. When Lucas' son said he had seen his father at work upon Flora, von Bode stuck to his guns. And when someone said that if the back of the bust was opened a check waistcoat would be found inside, and the bust was opened and the check waistcoat was, sure enough, found, still von Bode maintained that it was a Leonardo.

THE Union of South Africa has appointed an official censor of literature. It is one of the strangest phenomena of the age that these posts, all over the world, are almost always given to military and naval gents. South Africa's new censor is to be a colonel. Germany's art is controlled by General Göring. Our own B.B.C. is full of warriors. Perhaps the answer is that Aeschylus fought at Salamis, and Socrates at somewhere-or-other, and Cervantes at Lepanto, and Thucydides was a general, and wasn't Horace engaged at Philippi? If literary men make good judges of soldiering, why shouldn't soldiers be good judges of literature?

THE cottage about which and in which Mr. Beverley Nichols wrote his horticultural rhapsodies with their exciting stuff about snowdrops and purple passages about dewdrops is for sale. I would like to make a few cracks about this, but I forbear out of loyalty to Mr. Wyndham Lewis. After all, it is pretty generally conceded that Messrs. Nichols, Garvin, Hobbs, Jardine, and Sir Walpole belong to Mr. Lewis.

ENGLAND'S Merchant Tailors (and I mean them, and not the school) are sadly out of touch with realism if they really believe, as they have just professed to believe at their annual jamboree, that men are going to wear brighter and brighter clothes in future, including midnight-blue evening-dress. As if women are going to allow their best background to be filched from them. It was women who invented the black and white, and it will be women who will see to it that it is not altered.

THE action of Mr. E. R. T. Holmes in bowling wides on purpose in the Surrey-Middlesex match at Lord's in order to force the Middlesex score to 200 and thus enable him to claim the new ball, has given rise, first, to controversy about his action and, second, to a lot of discussion about the wisdom of having such a shiny ball at all. During all this, a much more dubious aspect of the incident has been almost entirely overlooked. While Mr. Holmes was doing his stuff, the batsmen were two England captains—Messrs. Allen and Robins. One or other of them, or both, appealed against the light, although the sun was shining brightly, there was still a quarter of an hour for play, and people had paid money to watch. The umpires allowed the appeal. Mr. Holmes was certainly within his legal rights. But whoever appealed against the light was guilty of wretched lack of consideration towards the public and the game; and the umpire who granted the appeal should be closely questioned by the authorities on the reasons for his extraordinary conduct.

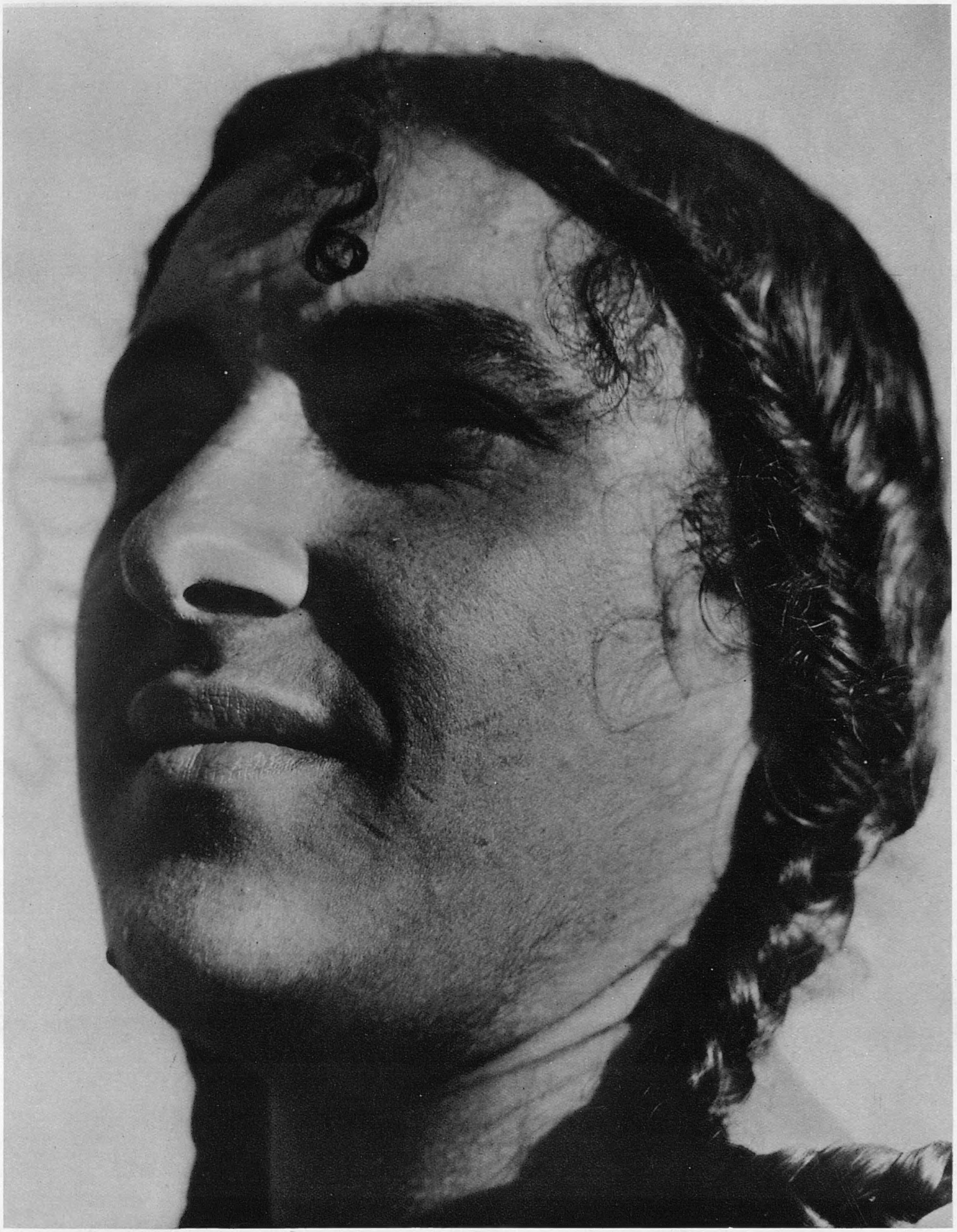
AFTER becoming suddenly a hero, Tommy Farr looks like becoming fairly quickly a bore. No one grudges a heavy-weight, whether he be of the vertical or horizontal brand, his share of publicity, but in Farr's case the ballyhoo is being overdone. What with statements about this and that, and denials and counter-denials, and quarrels with Manager Broadribb, and alleged attacks by gangsters in cars, the whole business is becoming tedious. Farr's latest shot is reported to be that "he will quit the ring for ever." Some may regard this as a threat. I can only regard it as a promise.

*Highland Games*

*The Marquess of Huntly (right) made his first appearance as chieftain of the Aboyne Games when the sixty-sixth annual gathering was held; he succeeded his great-uncle to the premier marquessate of Scotland this year. With him is Mr. Gordon Duncan (left) and Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, M.P. for Kincardineshire*

*Lowland Games—for the Army*

*General Gamelin, Chief-of-Staff of the French Army, was one of the foreign guests at the Army manœuvres in East Anglia, conducted on the biggest scale of the many operations this summer. The troops (the Aldershot Command) were divided topically into Government and Insurgent forces. Gen. Gamelin is with Maj.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, G.O.C.-in-C., Aldershot Command, who directed the operations, and Brig. Norton (left)*



*Norman Parkinson*

# A Gipsy Girl at Barnet Fair

# Scientists' Jamboree

## The British Association at Nottingham

*Photographs by Hutten*

***Psychologists:*** *left is Professor C. W. Valentine, of Birmingham, right is Dr. Mary Collins, of Edinburgh, applauding the dancing display at Tuesday's garden-party. Dr. Collins was the year's president of the psychological section, and delivered her opening address on "Tests in Common Use for the Diagnosis of Colour Defect"*

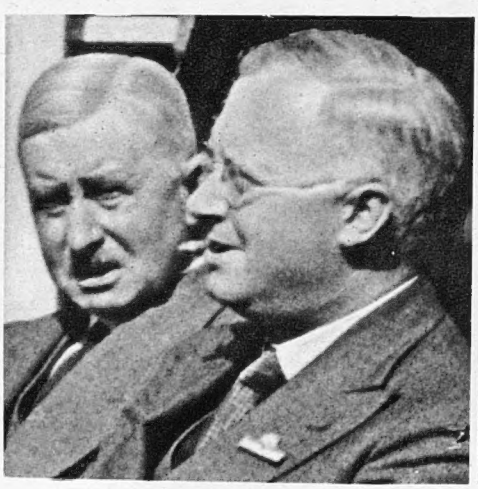
***Mathematicians:*** *Dr. Dorothea Wrinch, a secretary of section, was sitting with her daughter Pamela and Professor E. H. Neville during a dancing display. She is the youngest member of the Association*

*Left:* ***Botanists:*** *Professor E. J. Salisbury, president of the section, was saying something to Lt.-Col. J. W. C. Kirk, D.S.O.*

This was the third time that the British Association had met at Nottingham. The meeting was held from Wednesday to Wednesday, and over the week-end the neighbourhood was deluged with scientists, agriculturists visiting Lincolnshire farms, engineers a gliding school, geologists a gypsum quarry and an ironstone mine. Otherwise the week was spent in orderly scientific discourse

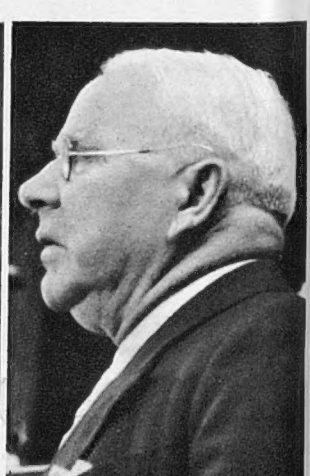
***Botanists:*** *Professor Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, G.B.E., is with Dr. M. J. Sirks, of Wageningen, Holland. He read a paper on plasmatic inheritance, making out a strong case for cytoplasm in the transference of characteristics*

***Mathematician:*** *Professor L. F. Bates was a vice-president of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences section*

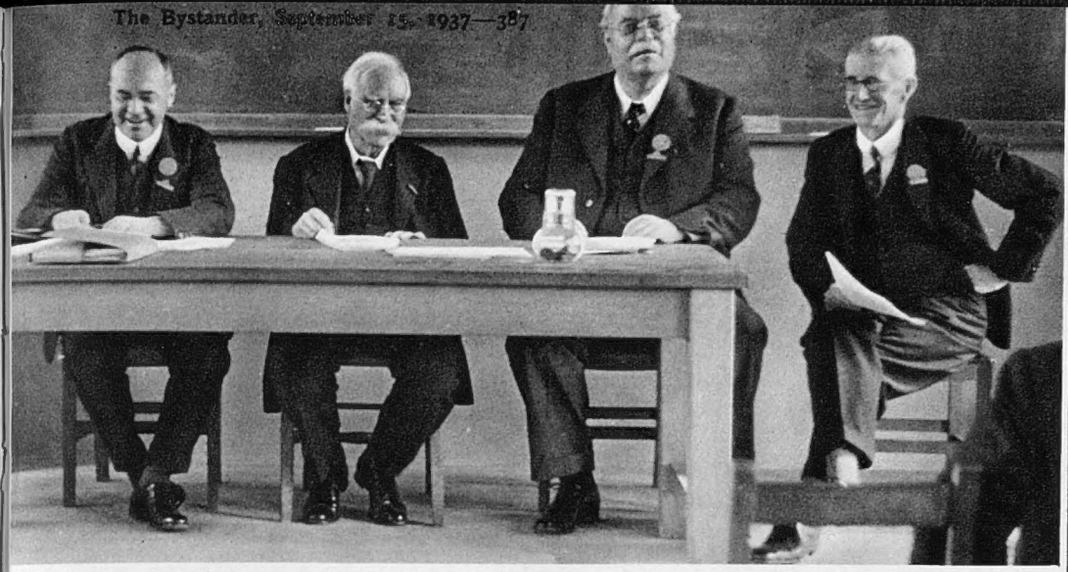


***Botanists:*** *Sir Arthur Hill, F.R.S., director of Kew Gardens, and Mr. J. Ramsbottom, O.B.E., were photographed together. Sir Arthur Hill stayed in Nottingham with Lt.-Col. Kirk (above, to left)*

***Zoologists:*** *Professor W. M. Tattersall (left) was recorder of his section; he is with Professor F. Balfour-Browne, a member of the council*



***Educationalist:*** *he is Sir Richard Gregory, Bt., F.R.S. Lady Gregory is also a member of the Association*



***Officers:*** *this picture shows the high priests of British science for 1937. They are Professor F. T. Brooks, F.R.S., of Cambridge, one of the general secretaries; Sir Edward Poulton, F.R.S., president, referred to throughout the meeting by almost the entire British Press as "the veteran biologist"; Professor Alan Ferguson, the other general secretary; and Professor P. G. H. Boswell, F.R.S., the general treasurer*

***Zoologist:*** *Dr. Julian Huxley, Secretary of the Zoological Society, and one of the Association council members, bears one of the most revered names in the history of British science*

***Agriculturist:*** *Sir John Russell, director of the Rotherham agricultural station, spoke on the value of grassland, not only for enriching the soil, but for prevention of erosion*

***President:*** *Sir Edward Poulton was at Nottingham with his family; they were staying at St. Mary's Vicarage with Bishop Neville Talbot. Sir Edward eighty-one-year-old champion of Darwinism, gave his presidential address on the history of evolutionary thought as recorded in the meetings of the Association. He is with one of his daughters in this picture*

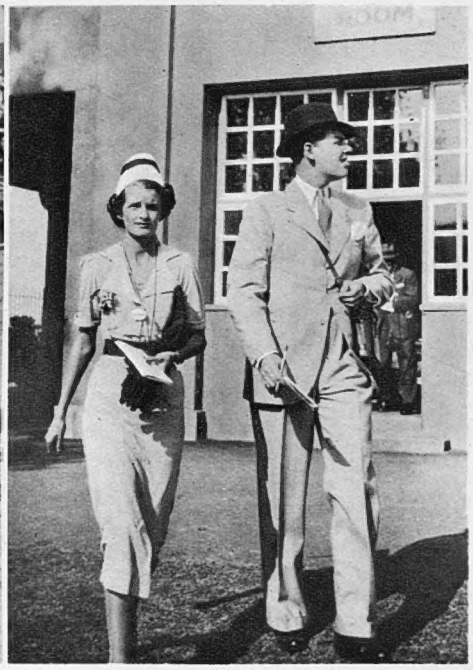
*Below:* ***Economists:*** *they are Professor Z. C. Dickinson, of Michigan; Professor Philip Sargant Florence, president of the section, and Sir William Beveridge, the new Master of University College, Oxford*

***Economist:*** *Sir Josiah Stamp was having a comparatively untroubled time at Nottingham after the last B.A. meeting, when he was president*

# Social Register

YORKSHIRE RACING

*Lord Andrew Cavendish, Lord Titchfield's younger son, and Lady Irene Haig, Lord Haig's youngest sister, were at the St. Leger meeting*



*The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Penny were at Doncaster together. He is the son of Lord Marchwood, a Coronation Honours Peer; she was Pamela Colton-Fox*

FAMILY AFFAIRS

*Lady Plymouth and Her Daughter*

*Lady Plymouth has five children and this one, Lady Rosula Windsor-Clive, is the youngest, aged two. Lord Plymouth, Chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee, has been able to spend some time with his family at St. Fagan's Castle, Glamorganshire*

COUNTRY PARTIES

*Staying with Lord Cowdray in Aberdeenshire*

*The Cowdrays had a big party at Dunecht last week for shooting and the Aboyne Games. Here are some of them. In front are Miss Rosamond Broughton and Miss Primula Rollo; leaning on the lion are the Hon. Daphne Pearson, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Richard Cavendish; standing on the steps, Miss Suzanne du Boulay and Miss Pamela Lloyd-Thomas*

*The smiling trio below, sitting on a Doncaster seat, are Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, Miss Mary Butler-Henderson and Miss Sophie de Trafford*

*Picking Winners at Doncaster*

*Hunloke Quartet*

*Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke and their children, Timothy and Philippa, were in the Raymond Masseys' garden before the christening of the Masseys' daughter, Anne, to whom Mr. and Lady Anne Hunloke were god-parents*

*Agnew Quartet*

*Mrs. Richard Agnew and her children, Rosemary, Lavinia and Mark, were at the Brackley Hunter Show, which was held at Turweston Park, the Agnews' place in Northamptonshire. Mrs. Agnew's husband belongs to the firm which owns "Punch"*

WEDDING TRIP

*Right: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hillman, that's to say June and her husband, paid London a flying visit on their way from Cannes to California*

*Below: Lord Bethell's younger son and Ann Barlow, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. G. Barlow, are being married early next month*

*Below: Mr. Roscoe Fay and Miss Evelyn Coats announced their engagement at North Berwick, where the Coats family always spend August. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fay, of Sydney, Australia, and she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Coats, of Corsebar, Paisley*

ENGAGEMENTS

*The Hon. William Bethell and Miss Ann Barlow*

*Mr. Roscoe Fay and Miss Evelyn Coats*

*Anthony*

# Portrait of a Minx

Greer Garson has more power for harm as the minx Lady Tresham, in *Old Music* than she had as the minx, Christianne, in *Mademoiselle*; and her power has also increased for drawing a greedy, amoral feminine animal who is also rather tragic. Rex Whistler brings off a double with *Victoria Regina* in his Victorian settings for *Old Music* (at the St. James's) and the beautiful dresses designed by G. K. Benda have worked a transformation in Greer Garson's twentieth century type of charm. But the character she portrays is timeless. It is curious she should have won her reputation for acting empty-headed beauties, for she is a graduate of London and Grenoble Universities, with an honours degree from the former

# More Celebrities in Cameo

## No. 37

## Kay Hammond

KAY HAMMOND is what they call in the profession, "grand theatre." Nor is it surprising. She is the third generation of a family of actors, her father having been the late Sir Guy Standing, her grandfather having been Herbert Standing, her mother Dorothy Hammond (whence her own stage name), and various uncles also having trodden the boards. The joy of Kay Hammond (born Dorothy Katharine Standing) is that she is exactly the same off the stage as on. If anything, you find her lovely eyes rounding still more troublously, her smooth forehead wrinkling still more wonderingly, her blonde hair tossing back in further turbulence, her cupid's bow mouth drooping with added naïveté, her voice drawling more earnestly as her pretty head nods down further, her very fast brain working still more quickly and the dangerous smile lurking still nearer the surface.

Very few actresses in private life bear any resemblance to their stage or screen personalities. Hollywood film stars are particularly colourless and disappointing, and as for comedy actresses, Bea Lillie is one of the few exceptions to the rule that they are usually stern little women without a ray of looks or sparkle of humour except when it is forced upon them to play up. Kay Hammond plays herself on the stage; in other words, the part fits her instead of her merely fitting the part. And as she has an acute sense of the ridiculous without the sting of satire, her highly developed humour becomes all the more refreshing in an unkind world.

IT was in the Town Hall at Sandown that she made her stage début. She was a Brownie, nine years old, and she played a perfectly *revolting* fairy queen. (Can't you hear her saying it? That curious emphasis on certain syllables which characterises her style is really such first-class timing.) Next she went to five different schools but was not a great success at any of them. Finally, she found herself at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she played drunken butlers and wore grey wigs. From there to repertory at the Regent—her first part being Amelia in *Tilly of Bloomsbury*—was the next step to her making her name as Beatrice in *From Nine Till Six*, where she stole the show and in turn was stolen from the stage for a number of rather inferior movies.

But Kay Hammond doesn't like herself in pictures, which is why she has just refused to play opposite Robert Taylor in *A Yankee at Oxford*. The stage is her life. The audience hands her across the footlights what no microphone can possibly give. Meantime, she married Ronald Leon and produced a son and heir, and you can't be a good mother if you have to be out at the studios all day. For only with her small son does Kay cease to be the feckless creature that you see on the stage. Two other plays followed (*Youth at the Helm* and *Bees on the Boat Deck*), and then came *French Without Tears*.

ON the golf-course Kay Hammond is a most enthusiastic player, but nobody pays any attention to her. There she goes trailing round the course and claiming that she quite often wins, though nobody notices it. What else? Well, she likes dry champagne and nice, rich food, and has a remarkable way of bluffing you at poker when she holds all four aces. But her real idea of a good time is to go to some remote spot in the South of France, drink the vin du pays, lie in the sun with all her clothes off, and go to bed early. It is scarcely worth reminding you that she is the only comedy actress with really exquisite legs. Most comediennes have Scotch knees, which are, incidentally, the chief source of their comedy. Miss Hammond's are worthy of Les Girls, and I can think of no higher tribute than that.

O.K., Kay?

**Charles Graves**

# The Theatre

## By Herbert Farjeon

***"Crest of the Wave" (Drury Lane)***

THE adventures of Ivor Novello and Dorothy Dickson are being continued this autumn in a big new Drury Lane series presented under the above title. The title itself bears no discoverable relation to the contents of the play. It seems rather to refer to the present happy position of the author, easily surf-riding once more on his buoyant board to the golden shores of fortune. His choice of theme may, one suspects, have been influenced this time by *Home and Beauty*. Beginning with an all-male chorus of ancestral knights in chain armour singing "Rose of England" full blast, it traces the valiant and successful efforts of the present impoverished Duke of Cheviot to save Gantry Castle from the hands of vandals by going on the films, until, having survived four shots in the back and a train-smash, he is finally seen surrounded by his adoring tenants on Christmas Day, telling them, as the candles twinkle on the tree and the snow falls outside, how proud he is that Gantry Castle can once again assume its rightful position as "their home, their fortress, and their protection."

Whereupon there are three cheers for feudalism, not to mention the films, through whose instrumentality, we are happy to observe, England may still remain what it used to be before they made it what it is.

THIS play is, like most of the plays written and acted by Mr. Novello, fundamentally a day-dream—or a great big birthday-party at which hosts of friends assemble to hail the hero of the hour. But in *Crest of the Wave* Mr. Novello plays more than the aristocratic film-star hero. He also plays the foreign film-star villain—to be two film stars is a day-dream indeed! So the train-smash is plotted by Mr. Novello for Mr. Novello's own destruction. And if, when it comes, it is something less convincing than the train-smashes with which we are accustomed to associate real film stars, it isn't so bad for Drury Lane; which also offers us colourful scenes in Mexico, where they dance hot, and Versailles, where they dance tepid; and a pleasure-cruiser where they have cabarets at eleven in the morning, with girl-sailors and great guns; and a flitting parade of the old ghosts of Gantry Castle, including not only nuns and knights and period beaux and belles, but finally Henry VIII., who must be about the busiest ghost in all ancestry.

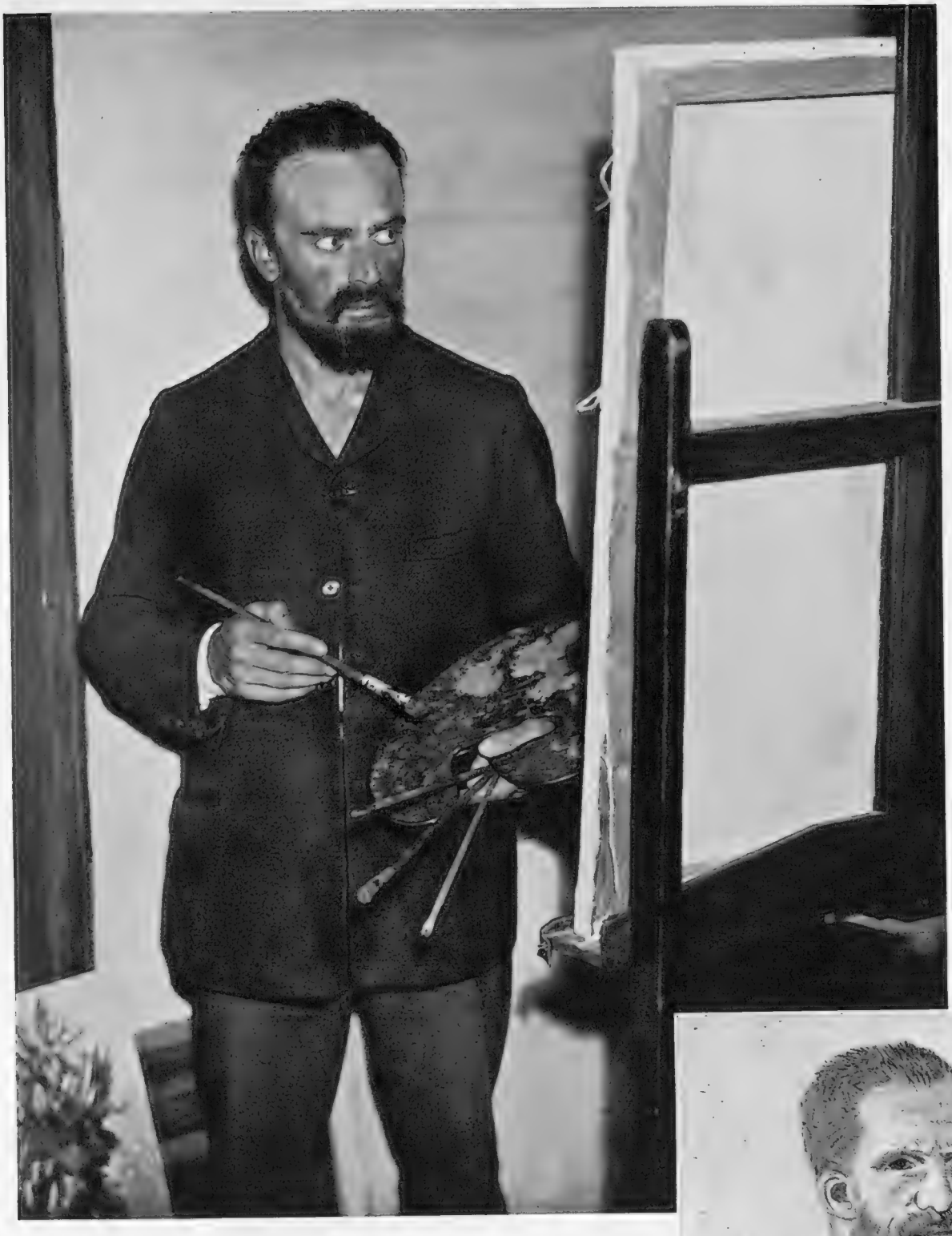
*After two years, Duke that is meets chorus-girl that was: Ivor Novello and Dorothy Dickson*

*Praise indeed from Mr. Glutz (Finlay Currie)*

*Sketches by Rouson*

*The Duchess of Cheviot (Marie Löhr) and Helen Winter (Ena Burrill)*

THE strongest feature at Drury Lane is unquestionably the production, for which Leontine Sagan has been responsible; the weakest is unquestionably the plot, which, before the first night was over, aroused some derision. There is plenty of comedy in the first half, depending heavily on such rudery as "I've seen things like you in very old foie gras," and "There are some kennels somewhere at Gantry which used to be full of lady dogs—I was wondering if you were looking for somewhere to live." That these lines get big laughs shows how well Mr. Novello knows his public. Minnie Rayner and Walter Crisham are two trump cards he plays with safety. Ena Burrill, new to Drury Lane, looks stunning as a villainess who is a gangster's daughter and has the same initials as the heroine. (You perceive how ingenious the plot is.) As for Dorothy Dickson, she is as humorous as she is beautiful, which says much for her in both capacities. Her Cockney affords us so much amusement that our hearts inevitably sink at the announcement that she proposes to take elocution lessons. But heroines are like that.



# Portraits of Van Gogh

Esmond Knight's make-up above was based on Vincent Van Gogh's self-portrait on the right. Mr. Knight took the part of the Dutch painter in Dan Burke's play, *Van Gogh*, which was given at the Arts Theatre twice last week-end and twice the week-end before, according to local custom. The author, an ex-jockey who rode winners with both Frank and Stanley Wootton, has given a sincere picture of the development of a great artist, and his study, which covers Van Gogh's life from 1879 to his death, was greatly helped by Mr. Knight's sympathetic acting. The play is an addition to an ever-growing Van Gogh literature and legend which has sprung up remarkably soon round the life of the painter whose works are now eagerly sought throughout the world. Over the page is a series of photographs of people and places recalling Vincent's stay in Arles, where his genius reached its fatal climax

# They Knew Van Gogh

## Memories of the Painter's Days in Arles

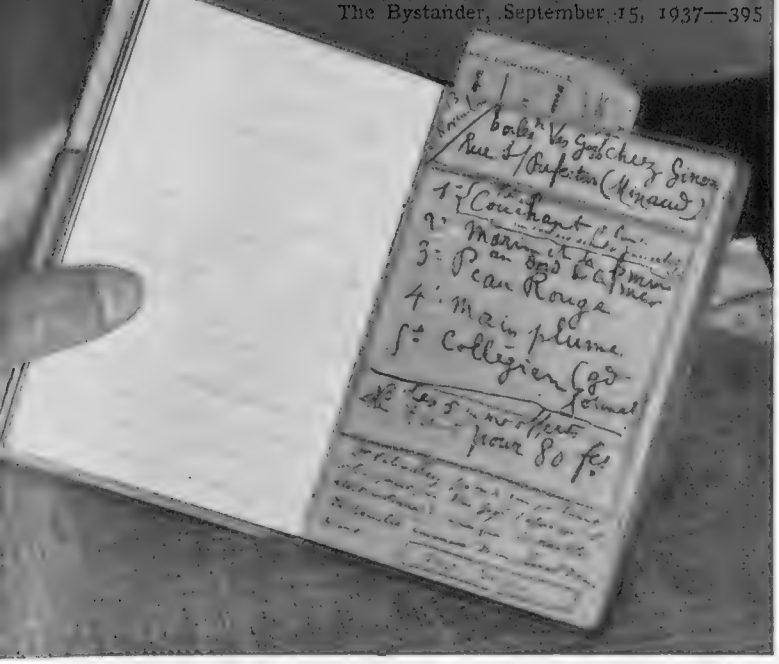
These pictures are the result of a German photographer's visit to Arles in Provence, the sun-drenched town where Vincent van Gogh lived in the early 'nineties, where he did his best work and finally went mad. The Arlesians ostracised and ridiculed the crazy genius from the Brabant who painted by night with candles in his hat and who cut off his ear as a present for a girl in a five-franc house for Zouaves. Even now in Arles, fierce French provincialism is still faintly shocked by the memory of the painter recognised as a genius by the rest of the world. Van Goghs figure in all impressionist shows; a "retrospective exhibition" of his work toured America in 1936 and was brought over to the Paris Exhibition this year. Biographies, novels, plays have been written about him, the latest of which was *Van Gogh*, given at the Arts Theatre (see back, p. 393)

*In Van Gogh's room at the asylum at St. Remy a small gallery of his works now hangs. But visitors to the asylum who try to discover old memories or new facts are not greatly welcomed*

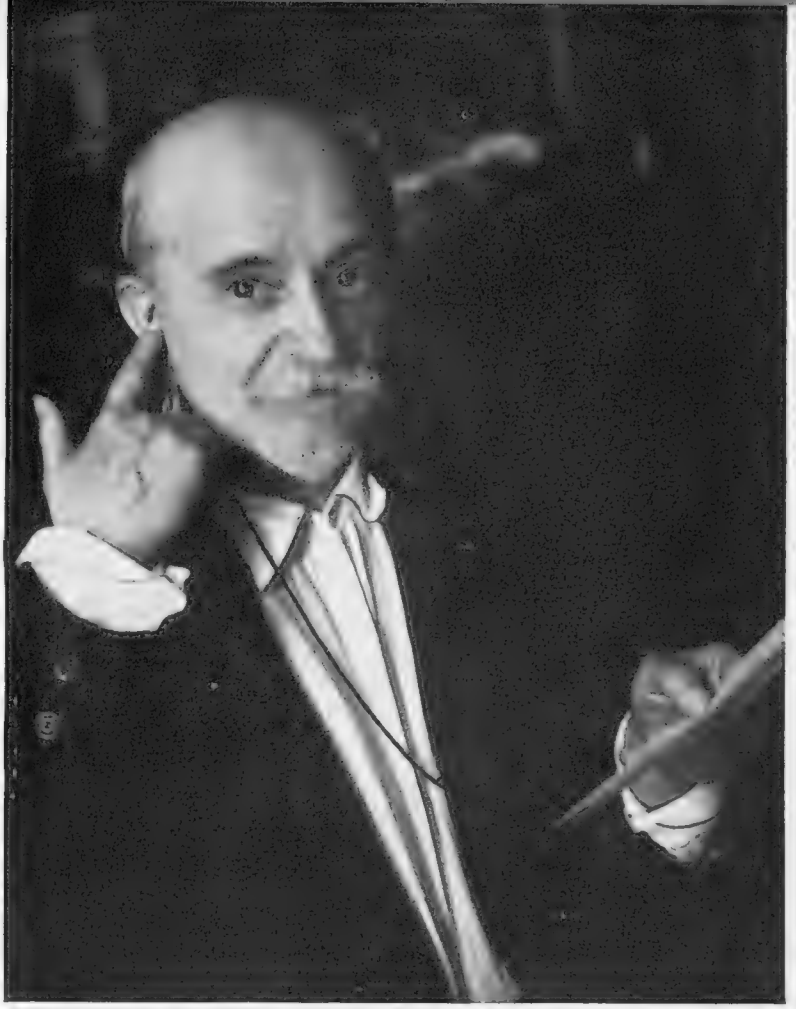
*Left: M. François Poulin used to be keeper of the asylum at St. Remy when Van Gogh was there. He told the photographer: "Van Gogh was not a real madman, only a painter who painted large and pretty pictures. They could always be understood if one had the proper understanding and knew the garden of the asylum, the flowers, trees and people and cornfields round St. Remy"*

*Right: M. Jules Serret, librarian in Arles, knew Van Gogh well. He told of his wanderings at night, and of the wreath of candles he placed round his hat to throw light on his canvas when he tried to make night pictures*

*Before he moved to his "yellow house," Van Gogh lived here—the Café Lamartine—as the passing stranger can discover if he notices the commemorative plate on the wall high above the awnings*



*Here are the notes in M. Dauphin's book in which he records the offer to him by Mme. Ginoux, Van Gogh's landlady, on November 13th, 1892, of five pictures: "Soleil couchant," "Marin et sa femme," "Peau rouge," "Main plume," "Collégien"—all for eighty francs*



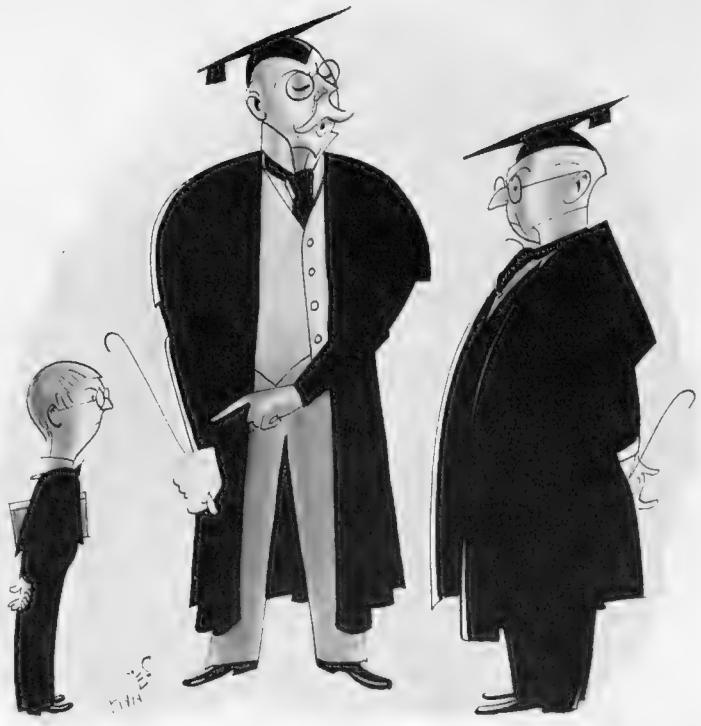
*M. Honoré Dauphin, at one time administrator of Arles Museum, greatly regrets not having bought the five pictures Mme. Ginoux offered him; Van Gogh had left them with her in payment of eighty francs he owed for food and lodging. M. Dauphin only had ten francs at the time, and offered her this for "Soleil couchant," the picture that pleased him most, but she would only sell the lot, so there was no sale. His final comment on Van Gogh was: "D'ailleurs il s'est coupé l'oreille; c'était un fou"*

*This woman lives in Arles' "street of ill-fame," where Van Gogh used to visit one of the houses. She knew from her mother the story of Van Gogh's ear, and said it was to a girl living in that very place that the painter's tragic and gruesome present was made. Her comment at the end of her story was "Who knows actually who the real mad ones are?" On the right is the street itself during the mid-day quiet in Arles*

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



*"Come on—let's beat it"*

TEN years is a long time in this man's town, as one of Damon Runyon's tough guys would say, so it's not surprising that the recent passing of one of the leaders of the Bright Young Things who were front-page news in the 1920's should set a few people asking curiously what's happened to the survivors.

It's a dank story, fraught with melancholy and despair, rather like that chat between the two weary spectres in Verlaine's poem. Some of the B.Y.T. survivors are still jigging about and rattling their desiccated frames at parties, as if Time stood still. The younger, more sober generation regard these ancestral shapes with kindly pity, guessing them to be held together by straps, buckles, clamps, and bits of string, and marvelling at that indomitable Will To Keep It Up which animates those haggard pans. Their "sick-making" and "shy-making" slang of the '20's is very rarely heard, the last of the Old Brigade realising that it's now rated as obsolete even in the remoter provincial backwoods, and deemed not so hot in Sydney and Toronto. So they memorise the new stuff as it comes along and keep whooping the party up, and everybody is rather shy.

The B.Y.T. will never fade entirely from this generation's memory, being encased like flies in the clear amber prose of Evelyn Waugh, and the last of them aren't likely to give in for some time yet, people think. A sympathetic chap said to us last week: "They look so tired you want to 'phone for an ambulance, but you know they'd decide that was just another screaming good idea for a party, so what can one do?" As most of them are now getting on for thirty, and looking it, the whole situation seems macabre and charged with dejection.

*"The vicar says you're to stop swinging that hymn"*

### *With Song*

LOUDSPEAKERS at Waterloo Station during the evening rush-hours now not only announce train-times and platforms in the usual episcopal drone, but burst into song, an innovation which sent Auntie *Times* the other day skipping round with dainty trills of amusement, like a little bombazine fairy. (Her comment not unnaturally took the shape of the traditional *Punchy* "what-may-we-expect-next?" *motif*, including a future vision of "a chorus of gaily-clad dancers" scattering pamphlets to excursion-queues, which seems to us going a bit far.) Anyway, it's a pleasing idea on the part of the railways to sing to the weary serfs of the Machine Age every evening. At Paddington there's music, too. Victoria has no music as yet, even to console heartsick stockbrokers leaving on the Southern Belle after blondes have unexpectedly turned down their idea of a jolly dinner at Brighton, at the last moment. Almost any "blues" record over the loudspeaker would do in these circumstances.

The one place where a lot of travellers certainly do *not* want the railways to supply music is the restaurant-cars, to which connoisseurs throng to enjoy exquisite food exquisitely cooked and served, and especially the fish called brill, which is found nowhere else in the world but on British railway restaurant-cars, and tastes (as a gourmet has appreciatively remarked) like small, pallid, rectangular strips of old flannel nightshirts belonging to the Elder Pitt. No music on earth, even Menuhin playing Elgar, could be anything but a distraction when such food is being savoured by those fortunate enough to be able to afford it.

### *Whoops—Pardon!*

THE anti-litter campaign which has been raging sporadically all summer took a sudden eerie turn the other day when Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., one of the neatest and most earnest little Liberals that ever tripped into a temperance meeting, had the misfortune, while tidying up with a box of matches after a picnic, to set fire to several acres of one of England's remaining beauty spots.

The *Daily Express*, which had taken a crack only a couple of days before at the *News-Chronicle* for supporting the anti-litter crusade (crusades being a Shoe Lane copyright), curiously missed this agonising little Liberal *débâcle*, handed it, as you might say, on a silver salver. Such is the heartless conduct of

Fate towards her admitted favourites. Actually the only thing lacking to complete the flavour of the incident was that Chesterton was no longer alive to write an essay on it. Almost anything that happens to a Liberal M.P. is amusing, but to discuss this incident adequately *du côté de chez Foot* and in all its bearings it takes an artist of the calibre of that great laughing philosopher.

Despite all this, the devil of it is (begging Mrs. Boffin's pardon) that the anti-litter crusaders (as Chesterton would have ultimately agreed) are perfectly right. In their ranks are massed not only reasonable people but the most tiresome prigs, pinheads, spinsters, cranks, mugwumps, and Wordsworthian Neo-Pantheists in Great Britain, and they 're all absolutely right, however much it hurts to be with some of them. The defilement of the countryside by the Yahoos is increasing. At every week-end they leave a trail of rubbish over everything the speculative builder has still spared. This happens in no other civilised country in the world. Those mountainous tons of rubbish cleared from London streets the day after the Coronation, also—did you see the photographs ? They seemed a bit of a satire on our compulsory educational system.

***Hail and Farewell***

THE rape of Berkeley Square is due to begin shortly, we gather from studying the front elevation of an enormous block of shops and offices, closely resembling an expensive new Soviet prison, to be built cheek-by-jowl with the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century town-houses of the nobility in what was Thackeray's aristocratic London square *par excellence*. Once this truculent mass is erected it will be clear that they 'll have to tear down the rest of the square, those Augustan mansions (several have those graceful ironwork link-extinguishers at the door) being apt to make the modern interloper look a bit of a cad. We shouldn't think the little bowler-hatted business men scurrying in and out of their barrack in due course will look so hot either in a square haunted by (among others) Pitt, Clive, Horace Walpole, and the great Brummell, who once found a crooked sixpence in the gutter in Berkeley Square at 5 a.m., after losing a packet at Watier's, used it as a mascot, and won £30,000 in two years. Or so Raikes says.

Whether the newly-formed Georgian Society, scrambled hastily together to try and save the last disappearing vestiges of London domestic architecture, is doing anything practical or merely squeaking feebly, nobody seems to know. London is rapidly assuming the appearance of a pushing Middle West city in which the mayor's brother Ed is an architect. And the odd thing is that some of us still damn the Victorians, who did less damage to London in 50 years than modern vested interests do in a month.

***Tzigane***

THE latest and wildest in Romany lure, our booksy girls will be agonised to know, is that " Prince " George Lazurica, a chieftain of the Rumanian gypsies, went Fascist recently and was poisoned on September 1st by gypsies of the Left Wing. From this you deduce that those wicked fascinating guys are not so preoccupied at the moment with the dance, the guitar, and the wind on the heath as you thought, but are going in seriously for politics and leaving girls of the Gorgio unchucked over saddle-bows, which is annoying.

Another disturbing sign of the times is that Gypsy Petulengro, who broadcasts for the B.B.C., is now a limited company supplying the Gorgio public with Romany enchantments and remedies in neat packages.

***Men's Wear Dept.***

FOR wearing a black stockinet jersey with a polo collar 2 inches in depth, the cuffs being ribbed, and trousers of grey material held in position by a grey belt, over which was a wide black leather belt with a chromium-plated slotted buckle, a chap was fined £5 and 2 guineas costs at Hampstead the other day. (We quote the detailed description of his toilette from the evidence of a police-inspector.) If he 'd also worn a frilled georgette jabot and a valance round his trousers of old ivory Brussels, he might have got away with it, but he didn't. The Bench adjudged his set-out to be Fascist (British), and a contravention of the Public Order Act, 1936.

Here 's a slightly stiffer dress-problem for the Yard : a chap rushes frantically out of a burning building wearing a green silk pyjama-jacket and black evening trousers. You 'll say the dicks just have to bean him on the spot for flaunting adherence to (a) Social Credit and (b) Mosleyite Fascism, and there we are. But suppose in the heat and scurry of the moment he 's also wearing one red sock (Communism), one blue sock (Irish Nationalism), and a mauve parchment lampshade (Right Rexist Bloc of Burma) ? If we were the cops we 'd just bean him once again, for luck, and ring up Norman Hartnell.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

*" Have you a name for him ? "*

# Films of the Day

## Another Film Primitive : By George Campbell

THE struggle for life on St. Kilda, the islanders' surrender to wind and waves and hunger, the evacuation of Europe's last lonely outpost in the West—here was material for a film epic, another *Man of Aran* or *Grass*. *The Edge of the World* is only semi-colossal; but it is still pretty good. Michael Powell and his company spent six months on the job, and the bleak, oddly moving story is told with a minimum of bathos.

Naturally the producer's first idea was to make the film on St. Kilda. Lord Dumfries, the owner, refused permission. He regards the deserted island primarily as a bird sanctuary, and feared that a film unit would disturb the normal life of the birds.

Foula, one of the Shetland group, as wild and lonely an island as you will find in the British Isles, was chosen instead. The inhabitants, some eighty souls, live the same sort of life as the St. Kildans—a continual struggle for the barest necessities of life, with the demand for hand-woven woollens diminishing every year and trawlers ruining the fishing; and the scenery is even grander. Foula's cliffs, soaring 1300 feet, are probably the highest in Europe outside Scandinavia.

FROM the first, the film expedition was in trouble. One of the gales that sweep the western isles sprang up, and Foula, with a voe (Norse, I believe, for a small creek) offering the only entry, was cut off from communication with the mainland. The islanders' humble crofts offered no accommodation to visitors; there was no electricity, gas or wood—not even a tree, apart from a five-inch oak tenderly reared in a pot by the schoolmistress; no beast of burden (Shetland ponies had to be imported), no motor-car, not even a bicycle.

A car landed to carry material was greeted with curiosity and cheers; and the islanders have to thank the film people for another innovation which should be pretty useful in emergencies. They used to be isolated, during gales, for as long as three weeks at a stretch. Now they can talk to the mainland, and ask for supplies or medical assistance, by means of the wireless telephone established by Mr. Powell. The director also found it necessary to put up a little power-house and a temporary projection theatre where the "rushes" of each day's shooting were inspected—sometimes in the presence of inhabitants who had never before seen a moving picture.

Not, I would add, that all the islanders are unsophisticated. A young London reporter, somewhat patronisingly, asked one of them who had been brought down for the premiere whether he was not amazed by London. "Not very," said the islander impassively. It turned out that as a sailor he had been three times round the world.

THE film is a story of dual conflict—between man and the elements, and between conservatives who want to stick to their island home at any cost and progressives who see that the fight is doomed to failure, that sooner or later the island must be abandoned. The clash of opinion is symbolised, none too convincingly, in a race between the two young spokesmen up the face of the highest cliff. The progressive is killed and, by one of those logical processes peculiar to the screen, it is not until his sister has been delivered of a child without benefit of clergy or midwife that the reactionary is converted and the evacuation begun.

The story ends with the islanders nailing up doors to protect homes they will never see again, and resolving to drown their sheep-dogs to save taxation on the mainland, as I understand actually happened on St. Kilda. Cats, left to their own resources, survived by preying on birds. Altogether a sound, sincere job of work, admirably photographed and as admirably acted, particularly by John Laurie and Finlay Currie.

THE Americans know the secret of melodrama. In *Souls at Sea*, the formula is set out to perfection—exciting spectacle, plenty of action, tender sentiment and heroism tempered by humour. It is the last that British thrillers commonly lack. You will remember how, at the climax of *Bengal Lancer*, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone argued about who should make the fatal dash for the powder magazine, Cooper alleging that he had won the 100 yards for MacGill University, and Tone retaliating with a claim that he won the quarter-mile for Oxford—"and where is MacGill?" In *Souls at Sea*, Mr. Cooper, assisted by George Raft, is again heroic, but again with the humour that lifts the film from the *Young England* class to something sufficiently like real life. The acting all round is first-class, and needs to be; and little Olympe Bradna, a newcomer, is extraordinarily pretty to boot.

OF the other new pictures, *Action for Slander* is very pukka; *Wake Up and Live* very funny; *Brief Ecstasy* very erotic; and *Think Fast, Mr. Moko* (a Japanese detective, not to be confused with Pépé le Moko) very exciting The rest is silence.

*Two of the "Souls at Sea"*

*"Souls at Sea," at the Plaza, is Paramount's version of the incidents leading up to one of last century's test trials in America—of the sailor who took upon himself to decide which members of a longboat full of shipwreck survivors should be chucked over to save the rest. Gary Cooper plays the man and Frances Dee focuses his interest in the (fictitious) love-parts*

*Nineteenth-Century Deckhands*

*Take a look at those pristine shirts, those brand new caps with the braid a-sparkle, those glistening faces, clean and smooth save for an even growth that only comes to a careful shaver—and you'll know what life before the mast in 1841 was like. They belong to Cooper and his co-star, George Raft, in "Souls at Sea"*

# Yura Lazovsky

## A Polish Dancer in Colonel de Basil's Company

The reopening of the de Basil season at Covent Garden shows Lazovsky in wonderful form; he has come right into the front rank of character dancers since he joined the company last year. His Russian dancing in *Petrouchka* and *Aurora's Wedding* has an astonishing energy and brilliance. In fact, in all his work he shows unbounded vitality, which he can discipline in such a part as the Dandy in *Beau Danube* to an exact timing, precision and polish. His style is reminiscent both of Massine and Woizikovsky; of the former, particularly in the Tarantelle of *Cimarosiana*, and the suggestion that he might dance *Tricorne* seems not unsuitable. He is almost certain to be seen this season as the Barman in *Union Pacific*. Lazovsky as a Pole belongs to a country famous for its male dancers (Shabelevsky, Ladre and Jasinsky are compatriots of his in the company); he trained in Warsaw, and with Preobajenska in Paris, and worked with Ida Rubinstein and also in Belgium before joining Colonel de Basil

*As the Chief Executioner in the Fourth Movement of "Symphonie Fantastique"*

*Photographs by Anthony*

*Right: as the Dandy in "Le Beau Danube," a part in which Lazovsky has succeeded to Lichine*

*Four members of the General Council of the T.U.C.: W. R. Townley, National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives; G. Gibson, Mental Hospital and Institutional Workers' Union; Arthur Hayday, M.P., N.U. General and Municipal Workers; Andrew Conley, N.U. Tailors and Garment Workers*

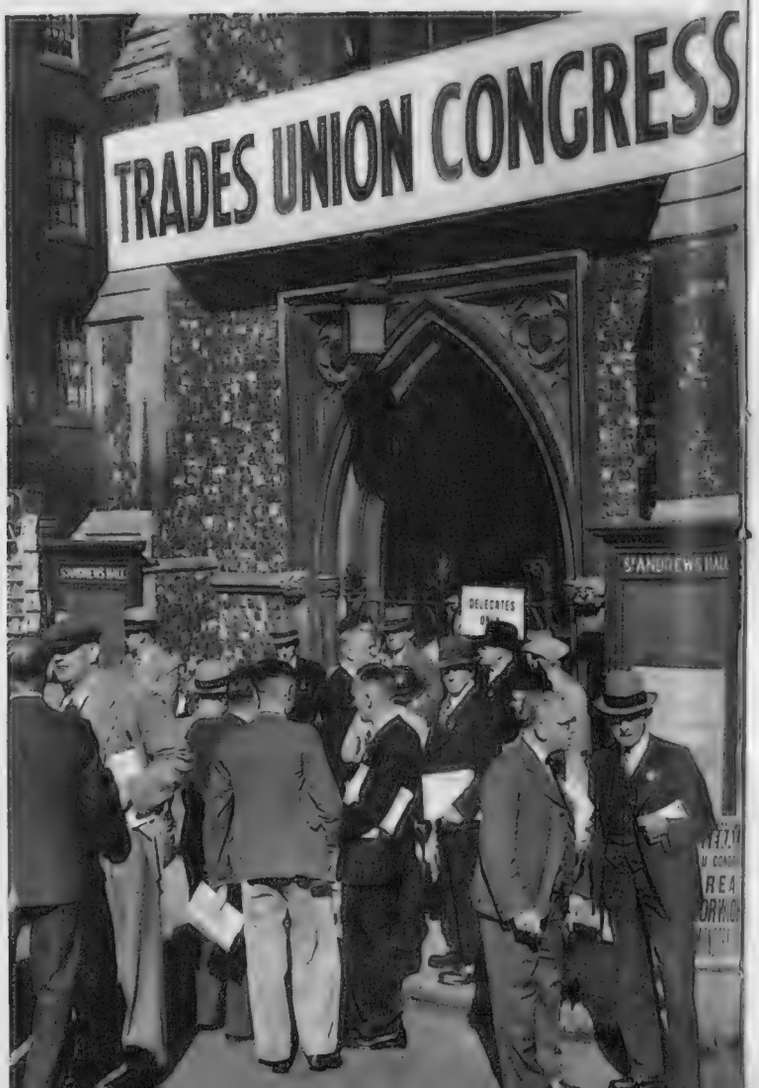
*Ernest Bevin, general secretary of the Union, was president this year. His Walter. Citrine, general secretary of the Norwich were listening, contained little that have been expected on the international affairs, with an interesting epilogue on preven-*

*Photographs by Hutten*

# Trade Unionists

*Discussing T.U.C. affairs in the September sunshine—John E. Swan, the Durham Miners' delegate, and A. M. Wall, of London Actors Equity and the London Trades Council*

*Below: John Marchbank, N.U. Railwaymen, and S. Parlett, of the I.L.O., Geneva, have a two-to-one conversation with William Kean, of the N.U. Gold, Silver and Allied Trades*



*Transport and General Workers' presidential address, to which Sir T.U.C., and the Deputy Mayor of was controversial, less than might situation, much on domestic tive measures against a new slump*

*Listening to the president—J. Hindle, Burnley Weavers Association ; W. R. Spence, N.U. Seamen ; and G. A. Isaacs, N.S.O.P.A. Mr. Hindle, like Mr. Hayday, Mr. Townley and Mr. W. Sherwood, is retiring permanently from the General Council this year*

*Right : an international trio—John B. Haggerty, fraternal delegate from the American Federation of Labour ; George Hicks, A.U. Building Trade Workers ; and Carl E. Berg, fraternal delegate of the Canadian Trades and Labour Congress*

# at Norwich

The sixty-ninth annual meeting of the Trades Union Congress opened at Norwich last Monday week, when these pictures were taken. Mr. Bevin, in his presidential speech, reserved to the end the section of the widest general interest, when he spoke of a defence programme against the slump period that may so easily follow the rearmament boom, a thirteen-point programme that ranges from a public works scheme and a national development fund to the questions of retirement from industry and the school-leaving age. Similarly the Congress reserved for the last day its debate of most outstanding interest—that on foreign affairs in general, and, in particular, on the declaration of the National Council of Labour on "International Policy and Defence." As a prelude to this debate Sir Walter Citrine made an important speech on the second day on the T.U.C. attitude to the Spanish civil war—in theory an abandonment of non-intervention in favour of the Spanish Government, in practice a reference of the whole question to the League of Nations

*Left : the leaders of the trade unions have their fans, just like film stars : James Rowan of the Electrical Trades Union was asked for his autograph*

*Right : the Congress in session in St. Andrews Hall, Norwich, which used to be a church. Its stained glass and pillars give the proceedings a tremendous air of solemnity*

*A Prospective Buyer Tries One Out*

*He Won't Lie Down Long*

*The Dealers*

# Barnet Horse

## North London's Seven-H

When Barnet horse and cattle fair wa
could ever be called a North London fi
the wilds of Hampstead Heath. Nowa
who go up to town and back every da
would soon die, but the purchase by
it a permanent home. The fair was
of people from all over the country g
beaten this way and that, or to rid
tough as you would find anywhere in
find themselves pretty much up to

*Whip Them Up to Show Their Mettle*

# Fair

## undred-Year-Old Fixture

first held, in the time of Henry II., no one would have thought it ture, for London was far away, half a day's journey to the south, over ays there are complaints about the fair's noise from suburban dwellers y. Each year since the war rumours have been abroad that the fair Barnet Council of 91 acres of open space at Totteridge has assured held on its new ground this year for the first time. Thousands ather to do business or gape at the animals being dragged and on their counterparts in the amusement fair. The crowd is as the kingdom, and probably the dealers of Henry II.'s time would the tricks of modern buyers, sellers, gamesters and their friends

*notographs by Norman Parkinson*

# The Big Pictures Arrive

## Autumn Revives the Box Office Figures

*Clive Brook in "Action for Slander"*

*The climax of this British picture at the London Pavilion is a cracking good court scene in which an Englishman defends his honour. Clive Brook plays Major George Daviot, accused of cheating at poker; in the background can be seen Morton Selten, who pokes fun at the Bench in his excellent cameo of a would-be witty judge*

*Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott*

*In "Action for Slander," they are the wives of the slandered and slanderer: here Margaretta Scott, who plays a part somewhat reminiscent of hers in "Things to Come," tries to persuade her lover's wife of his guilt in the cheating case. Tim Whelan directed the London Films production for Victor Saville*

*Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born"*

*The Tivoli this week is offering a Selznick International production, with Fredric March as a film-star playboy who falls from favour through drink, little Janet Gaynor as the country girl who marries, rises to stardom, but fails to save him. It is good to see this little star back in the lead; her part in "Ladies in Love" at the Regal two weeks ago wasn't much of it*

*Robert Taylor evidently doesn't realise what a favour Sophie Tucker is bestowing on him in "Broadway Melody of 1938" (see caption to picture on right)*

## *Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor in "Broadway Melody of 1938"*

*Eleanor Powell, the screen's fleetest of foot, and Robert Taylor, the ex-collegiate star who troubled traffic in London but not in Paris, are the leads in "Broadway Melody of 1938" (Empire), a sort of "Good Companions" with a racing interest thrown in. Binnie Barnes, Sophie Tucker and Robert Benchley of the sub-acid pen are also in it*

## *Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armour"*

*Marlene Dietrich's much-heralded British film comes to the London Pavilion next week. It was made from James Hilton's novel, was directed for Korda by Jacques Feyder of the "Kermesse Héroïque" and shows Dietrich as a Russian Countess escaping from the proletariat, in which she is aided by Robert Donat as a British journalist. Above she is with him in her travelling clothes; on the left she is with Herbert Lomas, Austin Trevor and Irene Vanbrugh in her glory. She also appears in soapsuds*

## *Mary Carlisle and Bing Crosby in "Double or Nothing"*

*The Carlton is showing an American film described as a gay romance, in which Bing Crosby sings three new songs by the composers of "Pennies from Heaven." Mary Carlisle is opposite him, Martha Raye wisecracks, Ames and Arno dance, and the plot—well it doesn't matter much*

# Beauties on the Biarritz Beach

*Below: Georgina Wakefield-Saunders' pale-blue beach pyjamas emphasise her honey tan. She has been staying with her mother's sister, Mrs. Miglietta. Her parents are Captain and Mrs. A. M. Wakefield-Saunders*

*Miss Georgina Wakefield-Saunders*

*Left: Miss Elise Curtis is American, blonde, attractive, and has great chic. Her beach suit, twisted blue and orange hemp belt and all, is Florida style. She went on to Biarritz from Cannes*

*Mme. Max Ausnit*

*The wife of the Rumanian oil king is always one of the most decorative people in Biarritz, and is considered the best-dressed woman in Bucharest, where she lives*

*Mlle. Raymonde Rosenthal*

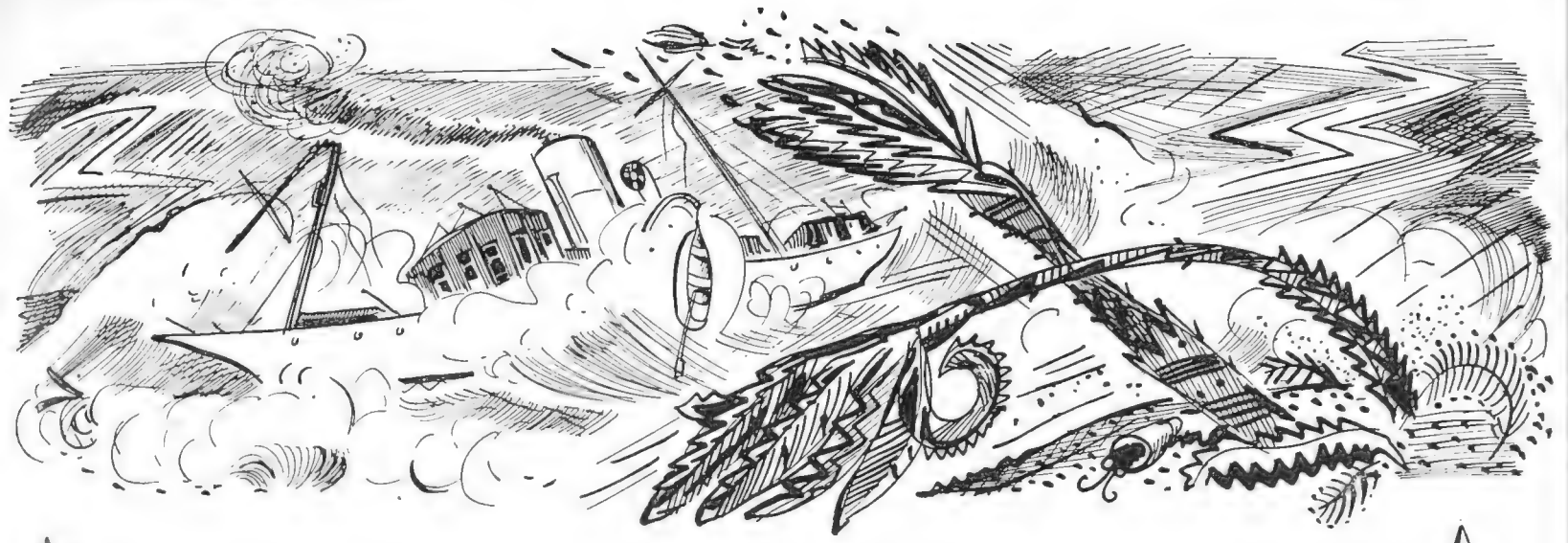
*An amusing sailor suit in royal blue was Parisian Mlle. Rosenthal's contribution to the Atlantic beach décor—at St. Jean de Luz*

*Mrs. Charles Gerrard*

*Knee-deep in the Biarritz foam stands Col. Gerrard's Canadian wife, with white sea-gulls printed on her scarlet swimming-suit*

*Mlle. Chauvin du Treuil*

*Marie Chauvin du Treuil is a slim young Parisian whose first season is not long behind her*



"Bystander" Short Story No. 104

# Two and One

## By Alan Kennington

*Decorations by Jack Miller*

WHEN the steam-yacht Montclair drove ashore in a hurricane somewhere in the South Seas, there were only three persons saved. In the best romantic traditions, one was a woman and two were men.

Reginald Hardcastle could almost have served as the typical Englishman of convention. He was tall, fair and pink, hedged about with the dignity of a good school, Oxford, and the right clubs. He might have been any age from thirty to forty-five, for games and a fetish for fresh air had kept him tuned to a sort of dead-level of fitness. His manner, except to his intimates, was chill, and he wore an air of complacent superiority rather galling to anyone outside of them.

Elmer Garrett was an American from one of the Eastern seaboard States. He was a tall, leathery person, who could always look forty-five, and he had the almost painfully studied courtesy of his race. Where Hardcastle was usually bored or flippant, he was eager and earnest, declaiming without self-consciousness about his hobbies or his home-town.

The two had not mixed on the cruise, not so much from any antipathy, as because they moved on completely different planes. They had nothing in common to talk about, and it was unfortunate that when at last they discovered a mutual interest it should prove a source of enmity.

This interest both found in their fellow-castaway. Miriam Sutton was English and a well-preserved twenty-nine. She was unmarried, but one felt instinctively that she had had her offers, and probably still kept a ring of admirers who treated her with a half-sentimental camaraderie. She was a sentimentalist herself, and intensely conscious of her sex in a quite unsexual way. With men—nice men—she was a Woman, with a capital "W." But she was never quite certain whether she wanted to be stuck reverently on a pedestal or metaphorically clubbed on the head.

Neither Hardcastle nor Garrett had been out of the ordinary attracted to her on the cruise, but they had not been more than three weeks on the palm-fringed emptiness of the island when boredom and a natural lowering of their standards drove both of them, first into interest, then to competition, and finally to enmity. There was no other distraction on the island. When they had knocked down coconuts, raided the turtle eggs and speared a fish or two in the lagoon, there was nothing to do but lie on the hot, white sand and watch Miriam plaiting hibiscus blossoms into her long, fair hair. And as both of them gazed at her daily in default of anything else to gaze at, their conviction grew that she was desirable. At any rate, worth winning.

With this growing sense of Miriam's attraction grew the spirit of rivalry. In fact, at times, both of them wondered guiltily if this was not really an urge more powerful than Miriam herself. There was something racial about it and a national rivalry about their methods. Hardcastle jeered at Garrett's awkward and laborious courtesies. Garrett disliked Hardcastle's off-hand flippancies.

One blazing afternoon Garrett disturbed Hardcastle from his siesta beneath the baobab tree. He stood over him, gazing down at him solemnly through his horn-rimmed spectacles. He coughed, and then said, "See here, Hardcastle. It's time we had a show-down about this."

Hardcastle blinked up at him lazily. He twitched the Rugborough tie that, rather symbolically, was keeping his ragged trousers up. Then he murmured, "I beg your pardon?"

Garrett's lean cheekbones flushed. He said, "You know very well what I mean. We 're poison to each other now; we 've gotten so on each other's nerves. You know that. Well—what are we going to do?"

Hardcastle smoothed his hair and yawned. "My dear fellow, why ask me? Unless you 're proposing to leave us——"

"I planned it the other way round. You taking one of those caves on the north side."

"Not me. I 'm staying here. What—leave that turtle-bed?"

"Oh, damn your flippancy! That 's the way you Britishers always go on. Do you want murder done? I know it 's a melodramatic situation, best-seller stuff, but it happens to be true. Two men and one woman don't go."

Hardcastle sat up. "I 'm with you there. So what about your taking one of those charming, commodious, semi-detached caves on the north side?"

Garrett took a step forward, clenching his fists. Hardcastle jumped lightly to his feet, and for a second the two men stood fronting each other, both of them breathing hard.

At that moment Miriam came round the corner of the coconut grove.

She stopped dead when she saw them, and then ran forward with her hands outstretched pleadingly and an anxious flush on her face.

She glanced from one to the other. Then she said: "Is anything the matter? If there is, I think I have the right to know——"

"I 'll say you have!" said Garrett with sudden passion. "No use lifting your eyebrows in that God-dam sissy conventional way, Hardcastle. I 'm going to tell her—though I bet she knows already." He turned to her, and Miriam gazed away at the sea, plucking in a troubled way at the necklace of blossoms she had plaited round her neck. Before he could speak, she murmured in a low voice: "Yes, Elmer, I know. I—I 've seen this coming. I 'm sorry. But it 's not my fault."

"It 's Adam and Eve's fault," said Hardcastle. "The question is, as Garrett says, what are we going to do about it?" He glanced quizzically at Garrett. "If you 'll keep quiet for a minute, Garrett, and restrain your Yankee pugnacity, I 'll tell you my idea. Now this is an unnatural situation. Conventions, rules of etiquette, everyday guides to conduct, have to go by the board: I fancy we 're all agreed about that? Two men and one woman. The most provocative situation there is. It 's a primitive situation. And how would it have been settled in primitive times? I give you one guess . . ."

Garrett stared at him, biting at his lower lip. Excitement coursed over his face, and then he burst out excitedly, "Good for you, boy! I 'll say that 's tops for a Britisher. Ordeal by battle. The law of the club. Well, sir, I 'll certainly see you on that."

Miriam stared from one to the other with dawning perplexity on her face. Hardcastle explained to her gently. "Just a bit of the good old law of the jungle stuff. You see, friend Garrett and I are both prepared to accept as a solution to all this the withdrawal of one of us to the north end of the island. Well, then. We 're just going to settle now which of us it 's to be." He turned to Garrett. "No Queensberry rules, of course. I 'll give you the choice of weapons. Fists aren't too satisfactory, though. I 've done more than a spot of boxing, I 'm afraid."

Garrett pondered for a moment, his long brown face looking equine and wrinkled. Then he suddenly slapped his thigh and shouted, "I have it! The very thing! Those native clubs we found in the cave."

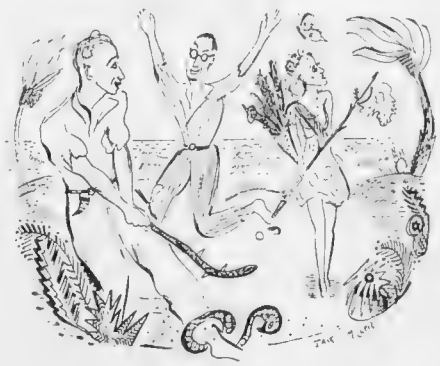
"Good for you," said Hardcastle unemotionally, after a pause. "Clubs are trumps. And a regular duel. Coconut milk for one, what? Miriam, you know where we stacked those clubs. Run off and fetch 'em, there 's a dear."

Ten minutes later Miriam returned, carrying a bundle of weapons of peculiar shape. Made entirely from one piece of wood, each was about three feet long, with a slightly curving shaft which, when the club was swung, gave a suggestion of whippiness. The end of each club had been carved into a wooden blade, slightly spoon-shaped and jutting out at right-angles to the shaft.

Miriam halted. She gazed up at each of the men in silence, her eyes rounded and large, as if to suggest an equal proportion of encouragement and sympathy. Then, still in silence, she dramatically held out the clubs.

Garrett, unconsciously squaring his shoulders, took one. Hardcastle also took one, and after eyeing it abstractedly for a minute or two, clasped both hands round the shaft and began to swing it gently three inches or so above the ground.

Miriam was still dividing her glances almost equally between both men. Her lips were curved in womanly sympathy, but there was excitement and almost triumph in her large blue eyes. In her own mind, she had picked Garrett as the winner. There was about him a primitive



toughness, a go-getting will-to-win that was almost bound to overcome the dilettante sportsmanship of the Englishman. She let her gaze linger on Garrett. Already she was viewing calculatedly the future and thinking of Hardcastle alone on the north end.

Garrett was staring at Hardcastle. He seemed almost to have forgotten Miriam and to be concentrating on his rival's odd behaviour with his weapon. For Hardcastle, as if performing some ritual in a trance of automatism, was now swinging his axehead with easy precision in a movement up and down. His lips were compressed and he muttered something to himself, and his wrists were flexed and his head was bent. Even to Miriam, it seemed an odd preparation for battle.

Turning back impatiently to Garrett, she saw, to her amazement, the anger die out of his face and be replaced by a fascinated interest. And when he spoke it was in a changed voice. His incisive gruffness had gone and his drawl had a kind of caress.

He said, "Say, hold on a minute. What kind of a grip is that, anyway?"

Hardcastle's look and voice also changed. He glanced up with a smile on his face, and then said with the civility of an equal: "The pro. at Westward Ho! showed me this one. I believe Archie Compston invented it."

Miriam had always despised games and those who played them, and this was all so much Greek to her. She broke in impatiently, "I think I 'll fetch water from the cave. For—for——"

Neither of the others took the slightest notice of her. Instead, Garrett said eagerly: "Say, you ever tried Bobby Jones' V-grip? Or Smith's interlocking?"

"Don't believe I have," said Hardcastle. "What do you do with the hands?"

"Boy, is that one of Horton's a daisy!" said Garrett, "Lookit, I 'll show you—." He dropped his own weapon and altered Hardcastle's grip on the shaft. "There! The right a mite lower down. Grip firmly but lightly with the left—no, don't shift the dogs. Not so tight; relax a shade. There! That 's the baby! Now try a swing or two . . ."

Hardcastle swung with frowning concentration. Miriam, resisting an impulse to try a swing of her own with a coconut, stamped her foot, unnoticed, behind.

Something approaching animation had crept into Hardcastle's clipped Christ Church tones. He said, "By Jove, you know, I rather like that! Yes, I fancy I could put fifty yards on to my iron shots with that——."

Glancing round, his eye fell on the baobab tree. Its fruit—hard, white, small and round—suggested something suddenly. He pointed to it, and Garrett let out a cry. Then he rushed to the tree and pulled off half-a-dozen nuts.

Hardcastle teed up, waggled, and drove. He gazed transfixed at the puff of white sand that went up a hundred and eighty yards along the beach. He turned to Garrett. "Seems to me, we could lay out rather a sporting nine-hole course. First straight down the beach to the oyster-beds. Second green - by the turtles—pick up and drop, of course, if we land in the eggs. Inland to the monkeys—that 'll be a dog-leg hole. Fourth by that dead goat—call that the turn . . ."

Miriam was almost in tears. She cried out as Garrett teed up his ball, and both men turned and frowned at her impatiently. The dignity of the Queen of the Lists dropped from her abruptly and she was almost whimpering as she asked: "But what about me?"

Garrett scratched his head, and then turned to Hardcastle for advice. The other was still thinking out a tricky trap for the eighth, but he gave the problem his thought. Then the solution dawned on him and he realised suddenly just how useful Miriam could be. He picked up the axes and handed them to her.

"You can carry our clubs," he said.

THE END.

There was a little man
And he had a little gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.

But he put his gun aside
When a Guinness he espied
And polished it off by the head, head, head.

**GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU**

G.E.686

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## Sir Hugh Walpole's Novel: By Alan Thomas

"I LOVED Cornelius as I have never loved another man. I can't say why, except that he was very kind and generous, impractical and easily taken in and exceedingly honest and quite ridiculously faithful." So writes his biographer, Sir Hugh Walpole, in *John Cornelius, His Life and Adventures* (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*). This is one of Sir Hugh's major novels, and it deserves to be one of his most popular. In it he has portrayed for the reader the life of a man who was to be remembered by the world as a literary genius, and by his friends—that small, intimate circle of friends—as a child hungering for affection and possessed of an inordinate integrity. These three or four friends—Anne and Charlie, who had grown up with Cornelius from his schooldays, Ralph, who kept the Boar's Head in Knightsbridge, and, of course, the author—did not measure their friendship in terms of the demands which John Cornelius could make upon them. Here was a man who was capable of driving each and all of them to frenzy, a man whose mental make-up and physical appearance created almost any impression save that of agreeableness and popularity (until his volume of fairy-tales made him famous, and then his physical appearance, so far from being repulsive, was now considered "extremely interesting and unusual"). He could be quixotically kind to strangers—as when he came upon a drunken, battered and bleeding old man in King William Street, and, despite protests by his betrothed (who cared for money and social position much more than she did for John Cornelius), insisted on taking the fellow to his lodgings, undressing him, washing him and putting him to bed. "And, you know," Johnny said, "I may be this way myself one day."

John Cornelius, whose life is so fully and generously chronicled from the day of his birth in May 1884 to that of his death in December 1921, was a man who saw visions and dreamed dreams. "It may be said of him truly," as his epitaph records, "that he loved his fellow-men, but with equal truth that he was always a stranger in the world that they had made." Does Sir Hugh convince us that he was a genius? I hardly think so. But to me the question is beside the point. What the author *has* done is to paint a picture faithful to life—as faithful as John Cornelius himself was to his friends, and to the queer, lonely character which his creator gave him.

ABOUT a year ago, in *News from Tartary*, Mr. Peter Fleming told the story of his epic journey with his Swiss companion, Ella Maillart, from Pekin across Chinese Turkestan into India. In it Mr. Fleming paid generous tribute to the great travelling qualities of Mlle. Maillart, and the side-lights he threw on her from various angles whetted one's appetite for more about this remarkable and attractive personality.

And now one can fill in Mr. Fleming's outlines from *Forbidden Journey* (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*), which is Mlle. Maillart's own version of their odyssey. These two journalists joined forces in Pekin because both had an urge to return to Europe by way of Chinese Turkestan. And it was a piece of stupendous luck that they found each other such excellent travelling companions. The only real criticism Mlle. Maillart makes of Mr. Fleming is that he was in a hurry, while she would have liked the journey to continue for the rest of her life.

The political difficulties of the trek were formidable. The territory, nominally Chinese, is infested with rival forces amongst whom Soviet influence is very considerable. The two travelled "heavily underpassported" by camel, horse and on foot, practically unarmed. Their chief anxiety was the possibility of being stopped by some local Pooh-Bah. Actually with luck and bluff they got through, and survived a variety of disagreeable climates and diets without major catastrophe.

All this has been told by Mr. Fleming, and to some extent he has stolen Mlle. Maillart's thunder. From the point of view of wit and facility of phrasing the honours go to Mr. Fleming. But Mlle. Maillart's book is a valuable supplement. It has a much more human touch. She has little of Mr. Fleming's cool detachment—she says he regards human beings as characters in a comedy—and when she writes of the natives she meets, one feels that they have lives and homes of their own and are not merely specimens of the local nomads.

Mlle. Maillart contributes a balanced and informative account of the rather confused political situation, and her book is well illustrated and mapped.

*Mademoiselle Ella Maillart*

*Peter Fleming's companion in his "News from Tartary" trek from China to India has written her own account of the two-person expedition: it is called "Forbidden Journey," and is reviewed on this page. Kini Maillart, ski-ing champion as well as journalist and traveller, is at the moment in Teheran*

IT is a risky thing for an author, even an experienced author, to make the quality of obsession the chief ingredient of his hero's character. In real life men with obsessions are usually bores: in literature they have either to be very, very good, or else they run considerable risk of being horrid. In *Lost Survivor* (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. L. A. Pavey has told the story of a man who is throughout his life haunted with the memory of his own incompetence. He was out sailing with a friend when the boat ran into a squall, and his friend, being caught by the boom and the mainsail, was knocked overboard and drowned. Thereafter Frank Marvin, the survivor, found no peace. The rest of his life was lived more or less in the "fatal mesmerism of his responsibility for what would have been the future of the life he had destroyed." He married his dead friend's fiancée, parted from her because he could not bear the mess he had made of things, and ultimately rejoined her, finding release from his obsession in a manner which did not altogether convince me. Perhaps over a mystery like obsession one must not be too exacting; but the real trouble was that, though I felt sorry for Marvin (and sorrier still for the young lady whom he married), I never became really interested in him. And as he was the central figure in the book, my enjoyment of *Lost Survivor* was thus a little marred.

> Bishops, Lords and Generals,
> Admirals of the Fleet,
> Oh, the smell of moth ball
> Down St. James's Street!

THIS gem, entitled "Levée," is taken from a little book of verses by Adrian Porter entitled *The Perfect Debutante*, illustrated by Eileen McGrath (Collins; 5*s.*). Mr. Porter gets plenty of snap into his comments on the social scene, and when he is writing of the shape of things to come (as, for instance, in Air-Raid Lullaby) he can point even the grimmest thoughts with humour.

# Fashion as it flies . . .

*by Elizabeth*

*Scott Bushe*

Though no very drastic changes have appeared in the Autumn collections, certain variations call for attention. Skirts are definitely shorter and jackets longer, either close-fitting and buttoning to the neck, or loose and swinging. Suits are frequently accompanied by a three-quarter or full-length top-coat, and there is great play with colour contrast. Plain shades or quiet pepper-and-salt mixtures are used for skirts, while jackets may be boldly checked or striped. A charming study in autumn tints is seen above from Liberty's, Regent Street. The suit in Scotch tweed is cut with a plain skirt and check coat with a Peter Pan collar and buttons down the front. A loose-fitting top-coat in cedar green to match the skirt completes the ensemble and may be worn with or without the scarf hanging from the pocket. It may be seen in the sportswear department, and costs ten and a half guineas

A wool sweater, closely ribbed, with a high round neck and sliding fastener, is seen on the left, from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It is accompanied by a plain tailored cardigan of the same shade with long sleeves, and the set only costs twenty-five shillings. They are very warm and ideal to wear with tweeds in the country. Blue, red and beige are some of the colours from which to choose

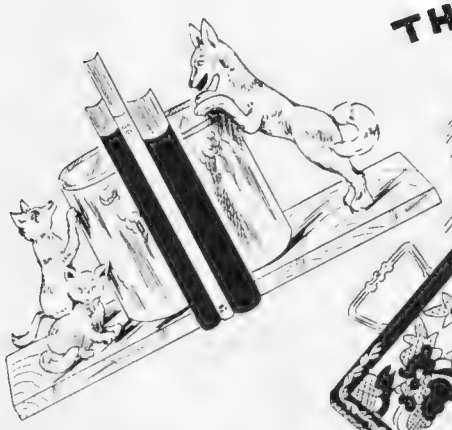
Jumpers and accessories in general are a means of adding colour to a dark suit or picking up the predominant shade in a tweed. Where jumpers are concerned, the tendency is to have them in one colour only, either very vivid or pale pastel, depending upon the suit. A pullover in soft wool with an openwork lace stitch is shown above. It is quite plain, with ribbed collar and cuffs, and costs fifteen shillings at Swan and Edgar

# Designed for Autumn

A jumper suit is an invaluable stand-by during the winter months, as it can be worn under a tweed or fur coat and always looks smart. The model on the left, from Swan and Edgar, is in knitted bouclé. An inverted pleat in the centre front adds width to the slender skirt, while the jumper coat fastens with leather buttons to match the piping on the pockets and revers. It is available in rust, cypress green and other shades for thirty-five shillings. Leather trimmings, particularly suède, are often used in conjunction with tweeds and jersey fabrics. They also appear on velvet, as on a black dinner frock relieved with bands of green and white kid

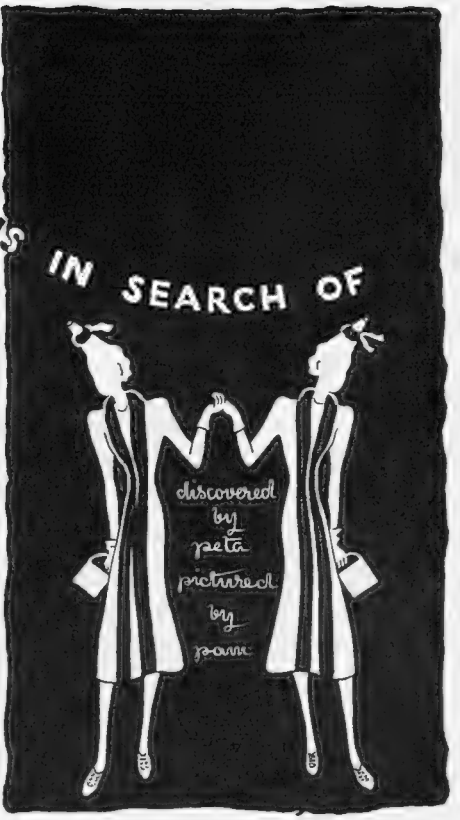
*Scott Bushe*

# THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF Novelties

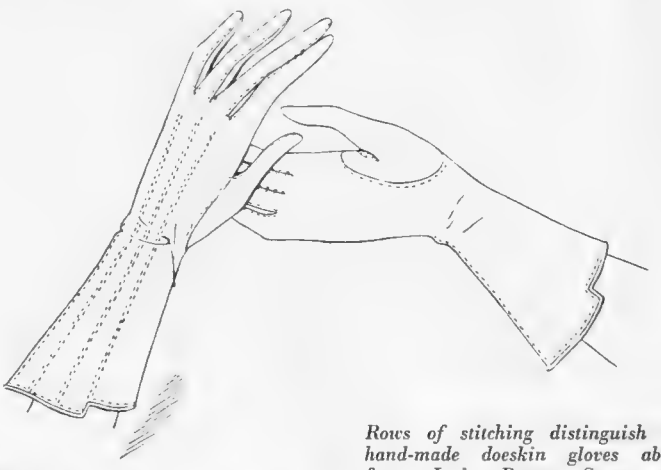


*Book-ends offer an excellent solution to the gift problem, and the pair sketched are particularly appropriate for those who hunt. They cost 16s. 9d. at Woolland's, and depict a family game of hide-and-seek in which the wooden logs provide excellent cover for the cubs*

*No drawing can possibly do justice to the beauty of this coffee tray from Woolland's, Knightsbridge. The black lacquered frame encloses a strip of genuine Chinese embroidery worked in several vivid, exotic colours, and it only costs 29s. 6d. Other designs are available from 35s. 9d.*



*Flowers at the neck and again at the waist add charm to this simple frock in fine wool. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are showing the belt and spray in fine felt cut into petals. The set costs 12s. 9d., and is obtainable in several pastel colours*



*Rows of stitching distinguish the hand-made doeskin gloves above from Jay's, Regent Street, who are also showing the pair on the left in black suède with kid palms. These are trimmed with diagonal stitching and cost 15s. 9d*

*Another idea is to brighten your dress with a string collar and belt. This is very effective, carried out in a gay colour, as the string is plaited into braids which are twisted into small swirls. The set shown above costs 17s. 6d., and also comes from Dickins and Jones*

# Golf Clubs at Home: Harrogate

*S. R. H. Fletcher (captain)*

*A View of the Club-house*

The Harrogate Golf Club was founded in 1892 as a nine-hole course near Iron Gare Bridge Road, but five years later a move was made to the present terrain at Starbeck. The round to-day offers park golf at its best; the course has been artificially drained with great skill and is not over-undulating in any part

*George W. Chapman (ex-captain) and Colonel W. F. Collins (president)*

*H. N. Sheffield (secretary) and Colonel J. McKillop*

*C. D. Rhodes and G. G. Stephenson (hon. treasurer)*

*I. Naylor and L. le Marchant*

*Dr. D. F. Dobson and H. Atkinson*

*N. Pyman, F. Roberts, R. Proctor, J. H. Prosser and H. Crapper (professional)*

*A. T. Kyle*

*C. V. Scholefield*

*Sir Bernard Lomas-Walker*

*A. R. Miller*

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## Alterations at Deal

I WAS down at Deal at the beginning of the month, where I found the playing conditions of the golf course as good as I have ever known them.

Water has now been laid, and as they had had a very dry spell at Deal the greens had been watered every night for a long time, and as a result they showed very considerable improvement; bar anything unforeseen happening, they appear certain to be in absolutely first-class order for the Open Championship next year. Deal missed nearly all the rain and storms which were experienced in the London district.

The fairways at Deal have always had rather a lack of grass on them and have more than their fair share of weeds, and especially of that terrible curse, star weed, but, nevertheless, I always find them sufficiently good, and they certainly give the better player more advantage than he gets elsewhere. The game of golf was never intended to be played off luscious fairways on which the ball sits up and asks to be hit, but off firm, hard fairways on which the ball lies close but well.

ON courses where the ball lies tight on the fairways, you nearly always find that the best player is victorious. Royal Lytham and St. Annes was a very good example in the 1935 Amateur Championship: at that time the fairways were just recovering from the ravages of the leatherjacket, and the ball was seldom found teed up on them.

The result was that we saw Lawson Little win with greater ease than any other winner of the Amateur I have seen. Little, it is true, had two close matches, but they did not seem to me tight matches; he never appeared worried, and clearly had quite a lot up his sleeve, when his opponents were completely exhausted. He won his first match on the last green, but if his opponent had played better I am convinced that Little would have played less badly. There is no truer saying, especially as regards golf, than "A man plays as well as his opponent allows him to play."

The approximate scores of 67 which you are always hearing so much about and seldom see at match-play tournaments are usually made by players who have not had to extend themselves to win, and who very likely have not even played the last few holes. They, in their own opinion, have been playing so very well that they feel themselves quite justified in claiming for their approximate scores the par figures for the holes not played.

THE committee at Deal has now decided what alterations to the course are to be carried out, and work on them has already started.

The first thing many people ask about the course selected for the next Open Championship is "How long are they going to make it?" When informed that the course at Deal will be about 7077 yards long, they will probably say, "But Carnoustie this year was much longer—it was about 7200 yards in length." These people either do not know or do not remember that there is less run at Deal than at Carnoustie, and that the many undulating fairways at Deal prevent a man from driving as far as he does on the majority of other courses. I believe that the professionals will find that Deal at 7077 yards will play considerably longer than Carnoustie at 7200 yards.

IT was obvious that if another Open Championship was to be played at Deal something would have to be done to ease the congestion which is always to be found during important competitions at one or two places on the course.

The new fourth hole, with its green nearer the sea, will eliminate the congestion in the neighbourhood of the present fourth green, fifth tee, seventeenth tee, and sixteenth green. The new tees, placed further to the right at the second, third, fifth and sixth holes, will ease congestion to a very considerable extent, as they allow the spectators to be shepherded in safety between the holes going out and the holes coming home.

The tees at the first, second, third, twelfth, and fifteenth holes have been put back from fifty to sixty yards. It is not, however, the extra length which will make these holes more difficult than at present, but the placing of the new teeing grounds in positions from which the tee shots must be played at more difficult angles to the fairways and which reward the men who play perfect tee shots with considerable advantage.

The fifth hole will be about ten yards shorter than at present, but, with its long carry from the tee over rugged sand-dunes, will play longer for the majority of golfers than it does from the existing tee.

The ninth hole will also be about forty yards shorter, the medal tee being used instead of the existing championship tee, as the latter cannot be used without very considerable inconvenience to the spectators and stewards in the vicinity of the eighth green.

The existing tees will be used at the seventh and tenth holes and at the other holes the tees will only be moved from twenty to thirty yards, to sites which at one and the same time improve the tee shots and assist crowd-control.

[Mr. Morrison was consulted by the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club concerning the alterations to the course at Deal.—Ed.]

*The Swiss Amateur Championship*

*Many Englishmen went on from the Swiss Open at Samaden to the Swiss Amateur at Lausanne, which was won finally by H. S. Hudson (left); he beat Count Alaric de Bendern (right) at the thirty-sixth hole in the final. Between them is E. A. Swatton Brooks*

*The R.A.F. Officers' Golfing Association at Wentworth*

*Group-Capt. R. H. Knowles, Wing-Com. A. C. Sanderson and Wing-Com. C. A. Stevens were photographed at Wentworth during the subsidiary competitions on the first day of the R.A.F.G.A. Autumn meeting*

*Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward, who is with Wing-Com. C. B. Cooke, is hon. secretary of the Association; he lost in the championship semi-final to the defender, Flt.-Lieut. J. Neal*

# Summer Sport

## By Howard Marshall

THE cricket season has ended up merrily with a diatribe against fast bowlers by Sir Pelham Warner, who is greatly concerned with the niceties of length.

Sir Pelham is doubtless right. He trounces the fast bowlers who start without a mid-off or a mid-on and bowl short, purposeless rubbish with the new ball. He prophesies hideous doom for us against the Australians, who will cut and hook this rubbish to kingdom come. What is more, he attacks the doped wicket, and asks club authorities to consider the matter.

Those who have watched much cricket this summer will agree with him heartily enough. The two points Sir Pelham raises have, in fact, been so regularly discussed in this column that my readers must be a trifle weary of them. I only wonder that Sir Pelham did not go the logical step further, and link together lack of length and over-prepared wickets, for the one is the outcome of the other. Bowlers whose hearts are broken by the doped pitch, which destroys their art, forsake principle, theory, precept, and everything else in their despair. They forget all about length, and who shall blame them? The authorities must get after the groundsmen, with threats of dismissal if need be, and somehow instil the fact that, in Sir Pelham's words, "we want good wickets, but we want natural wickets."

IT is rather significant, surely, to find the leaders in so many games issuing serious pronouncements. The cricketers have a way of holding inquests on themselves, so perhaps we may discount their jeremiads, but the Football Association have been joined by the Rugby Union in an attempt to stem the increase in unfair play.

The trouble is that we are just beginning to reap the whirlwind, so to speak. We have turned our games into spectacles, and now the inevitable abuses are becoming too obvious.

Association football is essentially a spectacular game, designed to attract and interest the public, and the authorities are perfectly competent to deal with the natural offshoots of their particular branch of entertainment. Their difficulties, it seems to me, are relatively dull—just another kind of business routine. Foul play does not please the customers, and that is the end of it.

THE increase of cheating in Rugby football is another kettle of fish. I would not pretend that the Rugby player is needlessly maligned in the circular letter sent out by the Rugby Union, which says, among other things, that the R.U. committee last season "noted with great concern a growing tendency for some players to treat lightly certain infringements of the laws, mainly in and around the scrummage."

This tendency has, I may interject, been growing for some time. I doubt whether cheating is more prevalent nowadays than it used to be. It is just different. There have always been players prepared to beat the referee. They flourish when laws become so complex that referees themselves do not understand them.

Possibly the Rugby Union's reminder to referees that they must send off those who persistently infringe will cause players to read the laws in self-defence. At present, approximately one player in fifty has read the rules of the game.

How many players will comprehend the laws when they do read them is another matter. I can imagine honest forwards poring over the sections and sub-sections of the scrummage laws for hours on end, and emerging from the ordeal with straws in their hair.

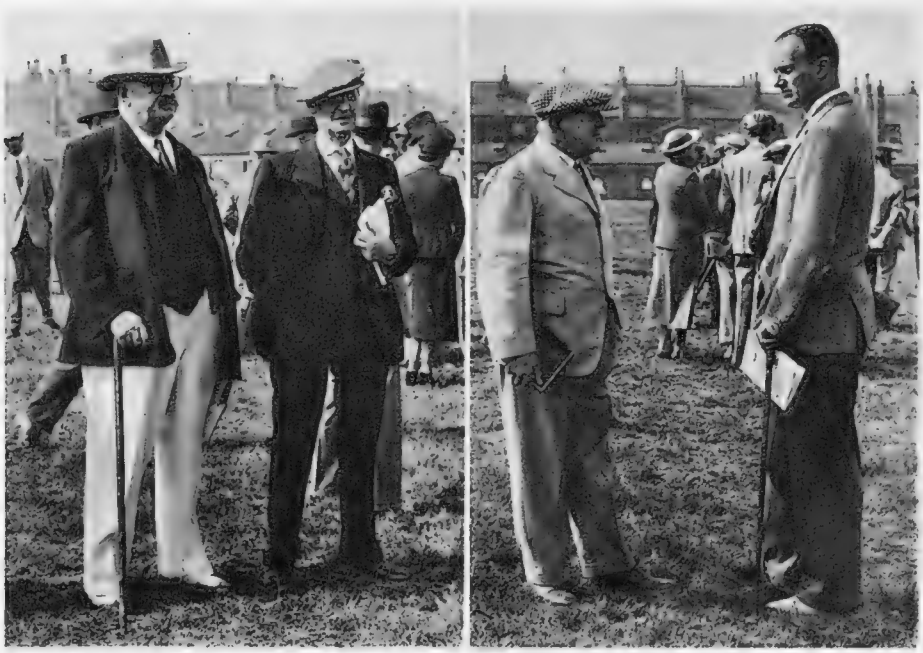
(*Concluded on page* vi)

*Resting from the American Championships*

*Mlle. Jadwiga Jedrzejowska (Poland) and Miss Dorothy Bundy (U.S.A.) were photographed at Chestnut Hills, Mass., where the American lawn tennis championships were held. They were successful partners in the doubles; in the singles, Mlle. Jedrzejowska beat our Miss Hardwick the same day Kay Stammers fell to Helen Jacobs, and Miss Bundy, who is May Sutton Bundy's daughter, gained a surprise victory over Alice Marble on her way up the draw*

*Finland Beat Great Britain*

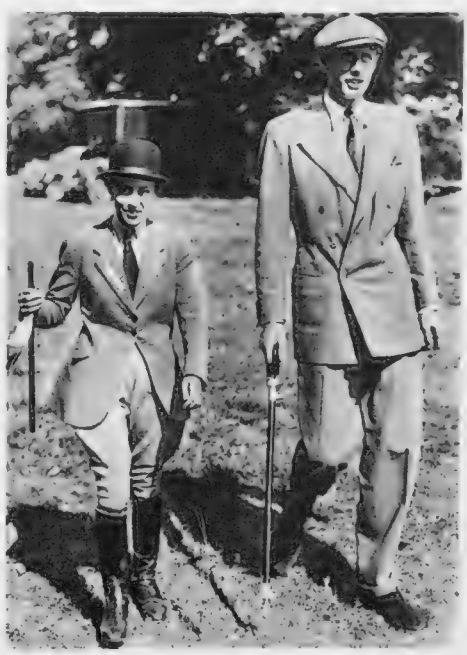
*Despite Godfrey Brown's win in the 400 metres seen here (time, 47·7 secs.), Finland won the athletic meeting at Helsingfors by 92 points to 67. Tammisto ran second in this race*



*Personalities at Doncaster Bloodstock Sales*

*Lord Glanely, owner of St. Leger winner Chulmleigh, and Captain Bagot Chester*

*Mr. "Atty" Persse, who had trained several horses running at Doncaster, and Lord Sefton*



*At the Brackley Hunter Show*

*Mr. and Mrs. R. Field-Marsham (he is Master of the Bicester)*

*Rehearsal at Glamis*

*The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's brother, the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie, Lady Constance Blackburn, the Queen's aunt, and Lady Southesk watched the rehearsal parade of massed bands at Glamis Castle before the Braemar Games*

# Highland Games

## At Pitlochry and Aboyne and a Rehearsal at Glamis

*Mr. "Dochie" MacGregor of Cardney and his sister, Gelda, went over from their home near Dunkeld to the Pitlochry Games*

*Right: the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill went to the Aboyne Games from Fintray House. They are Lord Sempill's sisters*

*Forbes-Sempill Sisters*

*Below: Colonel Charles Butter of Pitlochry was Chieftain of the Pitlochry Games; Mrs. Butter is American, from Newark, New Jersey. With them are the Duke and Duchess of Atholl*

*Two More at Aboyne*

*The Hon. Jock Skeffington, Lord Massereene and Ferrard's son, and Miss Marjorie Duncan, Mrs. Walter Duncan's daughter, went to Aboyne from one of the innumerable Aberdeenshire house-parties for which the local games season gives excuse*

*The Duke and Duchess of Atholl, Col. and Mrs. Butler*

# The "Bystander" Girls' Golf Championship (Chapter I)

## Preceded by Scotland v. England and the Girls' Golfing Society Meeting

By Eleanor E. Helme

*The Scottish team (on the wall), who won the Girls' International match for the Stroyan Cup by six matches to one, were Sheila Stroyan (captain), Jessie Baxter, Dorothy Thomson, May Love, Frances Halbert, Ethel Anderson, Jean McIntyre, and Pamela Brown (reserve). England (on the steps) were Peggy Edwards (captain), Jacqueline Gordon, Joan Pemberton, Sonia Swinburne Johnson, Joan Negretti, Dorothy Drew, and the reserves, Margaret Long and Anne Harrison*

*Girls' International: Scotland on the Wall, England on the Steps*

*The Captains*

*Peggy Edwards, last year's Girls' Champion, lost by 2 and 1 to Sheila Stroyan, daughter of the donor of the Cup, Captain John Stroyan*

DEAR BYSTANDER—

WRITING with only two rounds of the Girls' Championship played, I shall waste no words on prophecy. If I begin by telling you something of how well some of them played as a preliminary in the Fathers and Daughters at West Sussex, you can take that as news, rather than an attempt to say that, because Lally Vagliano won there, or because Maureen Ruttle was runner-up, or because she beat Sheila Stroyan in the semi-final there, that necessarily these will go through at Stoke. After all, each of them had a father attached, and though there were moments when Pulborough seemed like a full-dress rehearsal (with a bass accompaniment of parents), what happened there need not be repeated at Stoke Poges.

Pulborough was a delightful affair: the Stroyans were extremely impressive, going out in absurdly low figures, beating the back-markers by an equally absurd margin, and only beaten by the better short game of the Ruttles. That short game faltered a little in the final, so that the Vaglianos, who had been given a pretty rough passage by Mr. Guy Bennett and Mrs. Waters in the morning, got home, and set everybody saying, as they did at the International last May, that Lally swings the club quite beautifully, has huge length, and was the ideal partner for her father.

After Pulborough, Maureen Ruttle swam for Middlesex on the Saturday, when her county won at Wembley, and then turned up to play for England at Stoke Poges—a mixture of interests which is extremely refreshing, whatever specialists may say about the difficulties of mixture.

WHY Scotland won the International match at all, let alone by the smashing 6 to 1 margin, is a thing nobody can explain. On paper, it looked England's match all the way, especially when Scotland had to put in a reserve. And Peggy Edwards had made a splendid effort to turn them into a team instead of seven individuals, and out they went with red roses blooming and hopes high. Seven good tee shots off the first tee, nothing to choose, it seemed, anywhere. By the turn, though the first four Scots were up, two were square, only the last down: an hour and a half later the tell-tale figures had appeared on the board: Sheila Stroyan, 2 and 1; Jessie Baxter, 2 and 1; Dorothy Thomson, 3 and 2; May Love, 3 and 2; Frances Halbert at the 20th; Ethel Anderson, 2 and 1; and only Dorothy Drew, 6 and 4, on the other side. There is something about any collection of Scots labelled as such which sets so much burning patriotism alight that they are—almost—unbeatable. It makes one have double respect for the English women's team, who do, more often than not, defeat them in the home Internationals. Perhaps, if and when these girls progress to those teams, Scotland will make a habit of winning those too. Which makes an Englishwoman sigh a little. Variety is so pleasant. And that is the only reason anybody could find for regret that Scotland should have their name on the magnificent Stroyan Cup for a third time.

As the play went, they deserved it. Sheila Stroyan always had just the better of the champion, Peggy Edwards; Jessie Baxter is an extremely sound golfer, and was not one whit knocked off her balance by the truly colossal distance Jacqueline Gordon hit the ball.

THAT evening there was a great dance at Stoke Court; the next day the Present put up a good show in the Girls' Golfing Society meeting. True Miss Enid Pears, who is (in this sense) Past, took the Stringer Challenge Cup for the best scratch score with 75, one below par; but every other prize went to a Present; and three of them were round in the gross 70's: Dorothy Drew and Margaret Long, 77; May Love, 78. There was a positive epidemic of reduced handicaps: Dorothy Drew, for instance, heading the first division with 69 net; Pamela Brown with a 10 handicap, getting round in 80; and Pauline Rowand Harker in 88—19=69. As for greensomes over nine holes, three couples were 5 up: Elizabeth Easton and Elsie Crawford, Julia Wright and Elizabeth Price, and the two Vaglianos.

Then, an end to preludes, the tees back, a refreshing shower of rain, and the Championship itself.

THERE were no big surprises on the first day, except, perhaps, Ruth Head's win from Frances Halbert, a startling affair from a 19 handicap; and that Jessie Baxter,

(Concluded on page 420)

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# The Girls' Golf Championship

*(Continued from page 418)*

another Scottish international, should turn square with the youngest competitor, Jean McClure, who has a most excellent, steady swing. That is an asset shared by almost every competitor; hardly any of the four-and-forty looked likely to play badly, and remarkably few of them did.

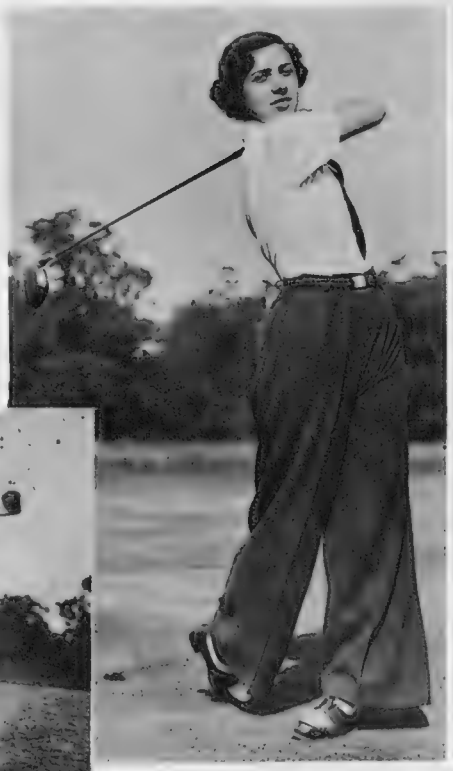
The standard of play, as well as of swinging, was high; even moving back on to men's tees did not stop Lally Vagliano and Sheila Stroyan being respectively two and one under fours for their afternoon matches; nor Jacqueline Gordon out in 39. These will probably remain to tell you about next week; for the moment let me run through my notebook for details of other people's matches.

There seem to have been such brave performances from eventual losers. Elizabeth Price, aged only fourteen and a half, for instance; Dorothy Cooke, two inches off a 1 at the seventh; and Julia Wright, never losing a hole; Anne Garnett Heywood winning every one, and Dorothy Drew all but one, for their matches; Diana Stephens going to the last green; and, perhaps, most of all, Sonia Vagliano, aged fifteen, taking Sonia Swinburne Johnson to the nineteenth. If the putts would just have dropped, she must, in fact, have won. A four-footer stayed out for a 2 at the third, for instance. The French Sonia was 3 up with 5 to go, and when she put the tee shot a few feet from the sixteenth, all looked over for the English one. Not a bit of it. English Sonia emerged from a bunker, holed right across the green for 3; French Sonia missed hers, lost the seventeenth after her opponent was in the ditch, but again holed a gallant putt; lost the eighteenth, where a putt hung on the lip, and the nineteenth, where again another turn would have taken it in. Sonia Johnson deserved her win for real pluck, and the other Sonia has three more years in which to be Girl Champion.

THE match of the afternoon was Dorothy Thomson's brave but unavailing effort to ensure that this year has a fresh Champion. For a long time she held Peggy Edwards, was even up on her—1 up and 4 to play, to be exact—but greater experience told in the end, and allowed the holder to scramble home 1 up.

Now post goes, and I am very little nearer knowing who will win than twenty-four hours ago. Which certainly makes for excitement, just as it makes for a pleasant week to have lovely weather, and so many distinguished spectators: Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Cecil Leitch and her sisters, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Mervyn Barton, and whole hosts of kindly referees, not to mention the dogs. These are duly on leads, but none the less engaging for that.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.



*Dorothy Thomson*

*This fancied player from Edinburgh University met Peggy Edwards, the holder, in the second round and was beaten by one hole on the last green*

*Joyce Dickerson*

*This sixteen-and-a-half-year-old player, whose club is Old Course, Ranfurly, beat Audrey Taylor 6 and 4 in the first round, but lost by one hole to Miss Ruttle in the second*

*Jean McLure*

*Belongs to the Girls' Golfing Society, is fourteen, was the youngest competitor, and was beaten 5 and 3 by Jessie Baxter. She has "a most excellent, steady swing"*

*Dorothy Cooke, of Ringway, Cheshire*

*Dorothy Cooke's pigtails swung as she got herself out of that bunker. She won her first match 4 and 3 against Elizabeth Easton and lost 2 and 1 to Jessie Baxter in the next*

*Pauline Rowand Harker*

*Right: another long-haired competitor was Pauline Rowand Harker (Royal Ashdown Forest), who lost to Muriel Coxall by 7 and 6*

*More pictures on page 422*

# This England . . .

*From Bury Hill, Sussex*

THERE is a peace in Sussex that no "progress" can destroy—it is too deep, too old. Does a new bungalow raise an outcry—there was once an iron-foundry where its garden grows. And how slight the sins of a rural council, to that evil administration which led Cade's desperate peasants to rebel. Does the city invade—what of sacking Norman and raping Dane? These things must come and go—the good in this England stays to ripen. So the power of fifteen horses may sweep you over the hill, but you'll slake your thirst with the same grand ale your trudging forbears did—if you call for Worthington.

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# The Girls at Stoke

## First and Second Rounds of the "Bystander" Championship

*Below: Elizabeth Price (Farnham), at fourteen and a half the second youngest competitor, had her seven-year-old sister, Jo, as caddie. She was beaten 6 and 5 by May Love*

*Elizabeth Price and Her Sister-Caddie*

*Anne Garnett-Heywood and Elizabeth Kirk (Sickleholme) met in the first round, and the former won by 9 and 8. In the second round she lost 7 and 5 to Jacqueline Gordon*

*Of the three below, all waiting to start, Joan Pemberton (Bramall Park) won in the second round but lost 2 and 1 in the third to May Love; Margaret Long (Eaton, Norwich) beat Anne Pinto (Walton Heath) by 6 and 4*

*Joan Pemberton, Margaret Long, Anne Pinto*

### *Jean Donald*

*This North Berwick player won her first match, but lost her second by 3 and 2 to Jean McIntyre*

### *Mary Daniels*

*Another of Jean McIntyre's victims was Mary Daniels (Knole Park), who lost to her by one hole*

### *Joan and Monica Parnell*

*Monica Parnell (Hendon) lost to Joan Pemberton by 6 and 5 in her first match of the Championship. Her elder sister, Joan, last played in it two years ago*

### *Two Sonias*

*Sonia Vagliano (Morfontaine) lost to Sonia Swinburne Johnson at the 19th; the latter was beaten by May Love in the fourth round*

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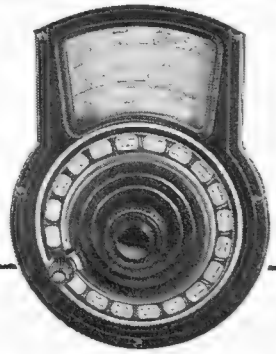

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# Motoring Commentary

## By Alan C. Hess

I JUST hate to say so, but I am afraid I found the Tourist Trophy Race a very disappointing affair.

It was not because Great Britain was well and truly "towsed" by France and Germany. Having won the last five T.T.'s, we can "take it." It was not that the weather was against us—indeed, it could not have been better. It was not that the course was a poor one. Donington proved to be a well-nigh perfect circuit for the race. What, then, accounted for the gloom which distinguished this race?

In the first place, it was, I think, too much of a procession. The Darracqs were so obviously superior that, apart from the Sommer-Fane duel in the opening stages, no one ever challenged them, and they won "as they liked."

Somehow, an English crowd is most difficult to cater for in motor racing. Unless wet conditions make the course dangerous, it is bored, and unless the weather is fine and dry, it will not turn out to attend a race, so what are you to do to attract them?

Mass-hysteria is a phenomenon long recognised by scientists, but if some of these notoriously hirsute gentry had been present at Donington for the T.T., I believe they would have come away with tangible evidence of the equal potency of mass-apathy. That, I keep telling myself, is the only possible explanation of my own unresponsiveness to this year's T.T.—and, after all, even one of the R.A.C. stewards fell asleep halfway through it!

In any case, the British custom of clapping hands to relieve our emotional strain as the winner crosses the line savours rather of the Western Brothers' sublimely blasé "Jolly good show, Chaps—jolly good show"—surely the neatest of commentaries on the British character! On the Continent the winner of an important race is given a Robert Tayloresque ovation and needs a police guard to protect him from the "fans" who clamour to congratulate their hero of the hour. Over here we have a way of shaking our rugs and packing up the picnic set when the leader starts out on his penultimate lap, in order to get out before the crush.

I ADMIT our national indifference makes it difficult for those who promote racing to win any response to ordinary announcements concerning their forthcoming events, but this does not excuse the prevailing fashion of billing well-known drivers who never materialise. So much of this has been done during the past two or three seasons that the public now refuses to believe that the "big shots" will ever come.

And this is hard luck, for I have it on irrefutable authority, both from Germany and from the Mercédès people in this country, that Caracciola, Lang, Von Brauchitsch, and our own Dick Seaman definitely *will* be here to compete in the Donington Grand Prix on October 2nd.

So far as the non-appearance of the Ecurie Bleue Delahayes in the T.T. is concerned, their absence is accounted for by the fact that they were busily engaged on the Monday prior to the race in lifting the Million Francs' prize at Montlhéry, and this made it impossible for them to be prepared and shipped over here in time to qualify for the Donington event. Undoubtedly the absence of the Delahayes and of Eddie Hall's Bentley did nothing to relieve the T.T. crowd's ennui.

*First Three for the Tourist Trophy*

*Centre is G. Comotti, who won the R.A.C.'s Tourist Trophy at Donington in a French Darracq (68·7 m.p.h. average); right is R. Lebegue, who came second, also in a Darracq; left is Prince Bira, who came third in a Frazer-Nash*

But I think the secret of exciting racing lies in the closeness with which the competitors are matched. I am convinced that a typical Donington crowd would be vastly more thrilled by six cars bunched together, lap after lap, at 45 m.p.h., than by six cars strung out at three times that speed—if this were possible.

I WENT up to Donington in a Standard "V-8." A very smooth and lively car, this—responsive, comfortable, efficient and safe. So responsive is it that it behoves you to ensure that the clutch is well and truly home before you even think of accelerating, or (as I confess I did once) you produce a most shattering noise and transmission judder.

Its comfort is a notable feature. Beautifully sprung, luxuriously upholstered, its controls conveniently grouped, you can drive it hundreds of miles at a stretch and feel fresh at the end of the trip. That there was a slight tendency to get hot in the front seats may have been due to the hot weather which prevailed, but it was aided to some extent, I think, by the somewhat inadequate air-scoops.

The efficiency of the engine is remarkable. Hot as the weather was, I never had the water temperature over 55 deg.—even after a prolonged "blind" at 80 m.p.h., followed immediately by a crawl in the traffic returning to London on Sunday night. Perfect road-holding, steering, brakes and lights make the Standard "V-8" one of the safest fast cars I have ever handled.

But why, oh, why, did the designers hide away the dip-stick where it can only be got at when the engine is stone-cold, unless—unlike myself—you possess a pair of asbestos gauntlets?

NEXT Saturday, at Brooklands, we have the most important track race of the year—the B.R.D.C. "500." This is the world's fastest long-distance race and is for genuine 120-m.p.h. racing cars only. The finest entry in the whole history of the race has been attracted for this year's event, and for the first time there is to be a massed start.

Last year's winner, John Cobb's gigantic Napier-Railton, holder of the Brooklands' lap record at over 143 m.p.h., will again be on the scratch, but this year he is faced with more formidable opposition that ever before.

The race starts at 2.30 p.m.

*The Start*

*A group gets away for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy at Donington*

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# Taking Off the Deck in Mid-Air

By Charles Ward

### *Mayo and Maia*

THE Mayo scheme for mid-air launching of heavily loaded aircraft is about to have its first full-scale test. Maia, the porter, is almost a standard Empire boat, modified on top to carry its first load, Mercury. It is the performance of the latter which has attracted attention, for trials credit it with a speed 20 miles an hour faster than the designers expected, sufficient to cut two hours from a trans-Atlantic schedule. It has four Napier Rapier engines, an extremely modern type, built to the designs of Major Halford, best known for his wonderfully successful Gipsy. Mercury flew perfectly the first time out, with Captain Lankester Parker at the controls. Its take-off from the Medway occupied 19 seconds at full load, which is considerably less weight, of course, than that which it will carry when borne on the back of Maia. The best height for separation is calculated at 11,000 feet, when safety catches are released and air-flow is expected to effect the parting automatically. Given the success which is awaited with confidence, there are many important applications for this principle. An aircraft that can fly with more useful load than its own structure weight is a tremendous advance on all other types. For every kind of cargo and for war purposes, the scheme will have an application. Its alternatives are the perfection of catapult launching and re-fuelling in the air, both of which are in a less advanced stage of design.

### *The Royal Envoy*

LAST week we published on this page a picture of the King's 'plane, an Airspeed Envoy, designed and built at Portsmouth. The King's first flight during his reign was from Smith's Lawn in Windsor Great Park to Martlesham for a day at Southwold Camp. Having learnt to fly during the late war and having been in the air on many occasions since that time, his Majesty has a very full appreciation of the value of air travel. The Envoy is a relatively small twin-engined machine. There are chairs for four passengers, with accommodation also for pilot, wireless operator, and steward. Special attention has been paid to comfort, of course, with folding tables for each passenger, attached to the cabin wall carrying holders for glasses and ash-trays. The steward is sited aft, with his refreshment locker handy. The 'plane is kept at Hendon, being officially licensed to the Air Council, and the Captain of the King's Flight is Wing-Commander E. H. Fielden.

### *A Rolls-Royce Trainer*

CO-OPERATION between Miles aircraft and Rolls-Royce engines has produced the most spectacular trainer to date. Three hundred miles an hour for the purpose of instruction seems to suggest still faster types for defence. Whether this is true or not, it is a sound principle to teach pilots the tricks involved in pure speed before they take charge of a really expensive and complicated 'plane intended for purposes of war. Although designed for advanced dual instruction, the Miles-Kestrel trainer can be used as a two-seater fighter, as a multi-gun scout, or for general purposes. It is a typical Miles product—low wing, with retractile undercarriage and flaps to reduce landing speed. The Kestrel gives nearly 800 horse-power and drives a three-bladed controllable pitch airscrew. Loaded to two and a half tons, the trainer flies at 295 miles an hour at 16,500 feet and can cruise comfortably at 250. The all-important speed for landing is 60 miles an hour.

### *Gossip as it Flies*

THE Ordnance Survey of England is to be brought up-to-date by means of photographs from the air. For nearly twenty years this method has been recommended by civil operators, the leader of whom has been Major Hemming, who started a company in Bermuda and the West Indies for this purpose in 1919. His present activities include the control of Aerofilms, a concern which has a staff to deal with a survey of England. There is a movement afoot to standardise an air liner for domestic routes. At present, the de Havilland Dragon, the Express, and a few Airspeed Envoys carry the tourists and business men at an average speed of 140 miles an hour, whereas we need at least 200 to compensate for the loss of time in getting to our municipal airports. Many of our landing-grounds are too small to cater for really high-speed aircraft, so a new design combining speed in the air with slow-landing qualities is required. The Air Ministry may subsidise such a type if the operators can agree on a formula. Dawn Patrols maintain their popularity, the incentive of a free breakfast being still a great draw. When Brooklands raided Portsmouth, three members flew in from the sea-side and earned their eggs and bacon. At West Malling, where the grass is green and the surface perfect all the year round, an extension to the club house has been built—bedrooms and bathrooms for members and friends. As the aerodrome already possesses a squash court and the usual indoor amusements, it is a first-class centre at which to learn to fly. The Civil Service Flying Association operates from Malling, as well as one section of the Royal Naval Flying Club.

*Mrs. F. G. Miles, wife of the designer of the Hawk series at Reading, is also his collaborator, being responsible for those abstruse calculations on which the performance of a 'plane depends. F. G. Miles was to fly their latest model, the "Hobby," in the race for the King's Cup*

*The centre-piece at Ramsgate, where the municipality has established an airport which is operated by Whitney Straight. The design of the building is by David Pleydell-Bouverie, who has combined utility with pleasing lines*

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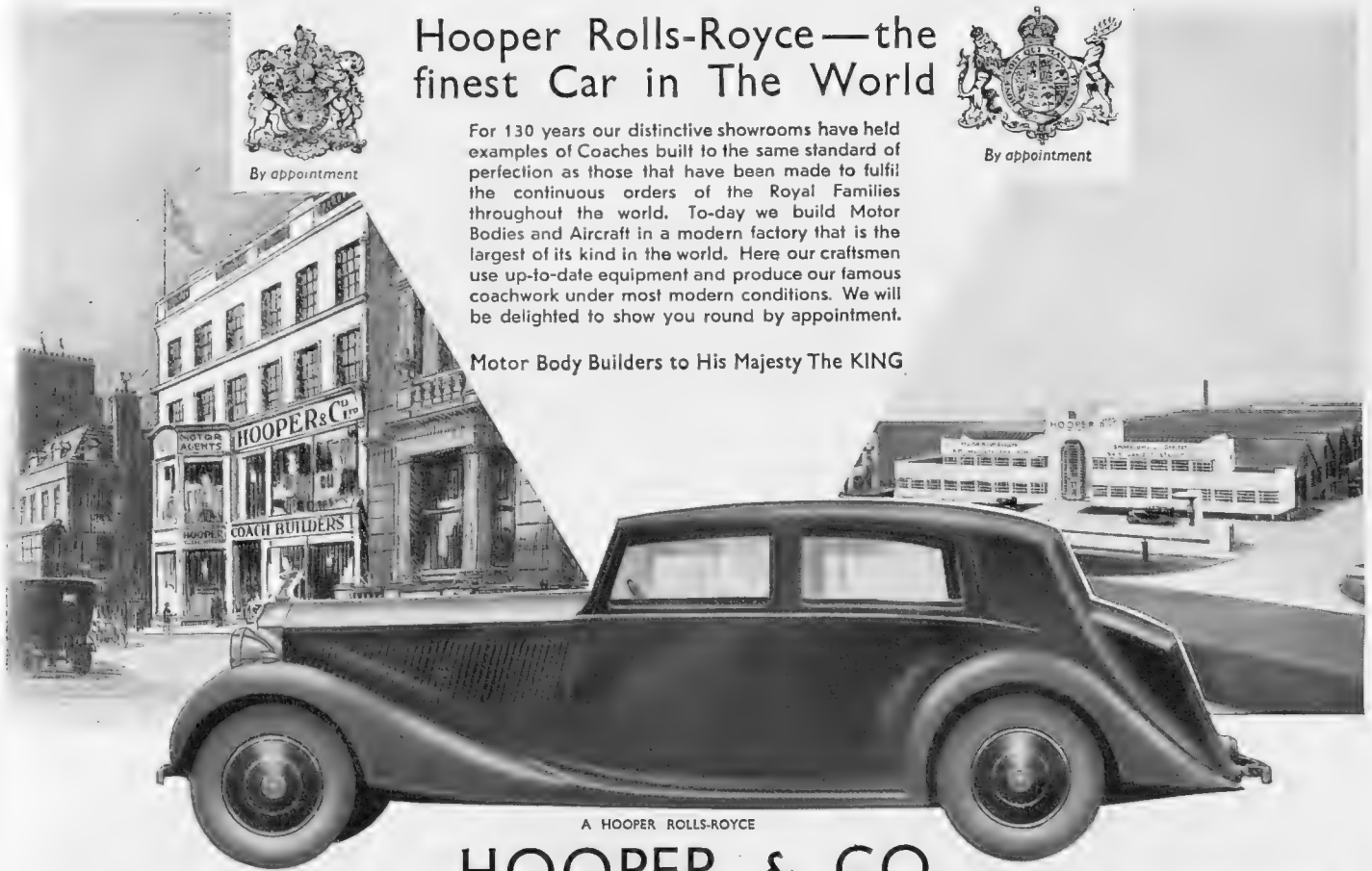


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## Summer Sport

*(Continued from page 416)*

THEN there is the offside law, applied one way in England, and another in Wales—a fact which leads, often enough, to confusion and bad feeling, especially when the crowd chips in and starts blackguarding the referee.

I sympathise with the Rugby Union authorities in their desire to preserve the best traditions of the game. Possibly their circular letter will help, though my own view is that the trouble cannot be cured by dealing with the few inevitable black sheep among the great body of decent players. We shall, at any rate, be doing the game a disservice by imagining that cheating is prevalent.

The whole controversy, however, does force us to think seriously of the game and its constitution. It is too late to deal with the major evil, which is the popularity of Rugby football from a spectacular point of view. All we can do is to see that the game is controlled rationally.

Unfortunately, the organisation of Rugby has grown up haphazard. There is no central directing body, responsible for policy and the care of tradition. The Rugby Union is merely the English Union, with no jurisdiction whatever over the other unions. So there is no unity of action or control, and the game loses shape and proportion.

Somehow, it holds together, for it is a grand game, with some fine people in its councils. I suggest, though, that its constitution might be reorganised and strengthened with considerable advantage.

NOW come rumours of more disagreements in Tommy Farr's camp—a tale which says that Farr has broken with Ted Broadribb, his manager. I don't know the truth of it, for hot on its heels follow denials, and boxers, anyway, are always arguing with their managers.

I am prepared to wager, all the same, that Farr is beginning to realise how heavy are the responsibilities which a top-line fighter has to carry around with him. Everything Farr does since his fight with Louis is news. He has ceased to be a private individual, and must constantly expect the click of the camera or the snap of the elastic round the reporter's notebook. What 's more, he has to worry if the cameras don't click, and at the back of his mind he reflects, no doubt, that no one slides more quickly than a boxer.

Is it worth it, I wonder, the sort of success which Farr has so praiseworthily earned for himself ? It is better than unemployment in a Welsh mining village, perhaps, even better than dish-washing in a cheap hotel, but I daresay Farr doubts it sometimes. He has to watch his money like a lynx, for there are plenty of smart guys only too ready to take it off him, by fair means or foul. And when you have made your money by taking Joe Louis' punches, you value it more than somewhat.

Farr will be back in England shortly, though he will not fight here. There is plenty of work for him in the States, and I rather fancy his next opponent will be Bob Pastor.

I 'm glad, at any rate, that Schmeling is to be given his smack at Louis for the title next summer, though I shall not believe it until the fighters climb into the ring. And Schmeling will be a year older then, and a year makes a difference to him, for he is already in the thirties. Even so, he will be favourite against Louis, and Farr will find him a mighty tough opponent if he meets him for the title.

IN the meanwhile, another heavy-weight is quietly working his way into the reckoning, and that is Maurice Strickland, of New Zealand.

Strickland is an intelligent, observant fellow. I had a long talk with him before he went off on his last American trip, and his attitude to his job was impressive. He also is returning to this country, having done well in America, and we shall see him performing this winter. We may find him remarkably improved. There is also a young Irishman, an amateur who has just turned professional, a dark horse with a punch who is capable of surprising us.

We thought we were to be deprived of Jack Doyle's company for good. He decided that boxing was too brutal. Well, he should know about that. We have not forgotten his performance against Jack Petersen yet.

*Middlesex Junior Tennis*

*G. L. Emmett won the boys' singles of the Middlesex Junior Championships, and Miss M. Harris won the girls' singles. They played together in the mixed doubles and were runners-up to R. C. Nicoll and Miss J. Nicoll*

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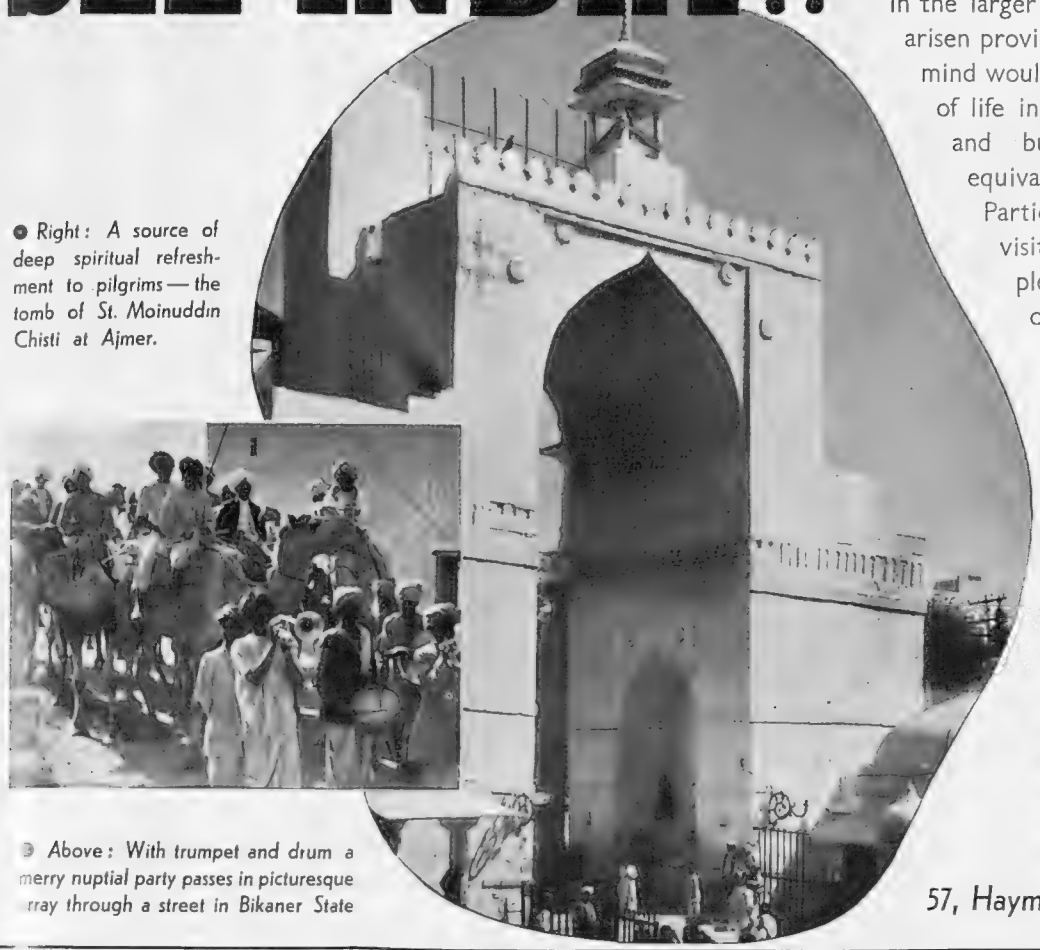

● *Right: A source of deep spiritual refreshment to pilgrims — the tomb of St. Moinuddin Chisti at Ajmer.*

● *Above: With trumpet and drum a merry nuptial party passes in picturesque array through a street in Bikaner State*

In the larger cities of India, magnificent hotels have arisen providing all the most sophisticated Western mind would ask. And the clubs, the great feature of life in the East, offer facilities for pleasure and business actually superior to their equivalent in the West, at far lower cost. Particularly to the man of affairs whose visit is a mixture of business with pleasure, the comfort and cheapness of Indian train travel will seem a paradox . . . first-class fares being just slightly more than the third-class in England!

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THE BYSTANDER

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# Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. Handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in. Full particulars will be sent on application.

## August Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

| Player. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handi-cap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss Maureen Ruttle | Ferndown | 77 | 14 | 63 | 75 | 12 below |
| Miss P. Lister | Cleckheaton and District | 82 | 16 | 66 | 75 | 9 ,, |
| Mrs. A. C. Fontes | Ringway | 79 | 15 | 64 | 72 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. E. Searle | Sale | 83 | 18 | 65 | 73 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. M. Renton | Stockport | 76 | 10 | 66 | 73 | 7 ,, |
| Miss B. Bartholomew | Littlehampton | 79 | 11 | 68 | 75 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. Pritt | Sundridge Park | 80 | 12 | 68 | 75 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. Doris Vaux | Filey | 83 | 14 | 69 | 76 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. I. G. Tracey | North Wilts. | 82 | 17 | 65 | 72 | 7 ,, |
| Miss Q. Baynes | Shirley Park | 84 | 18 | 66 | 73 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. M. Connell | Cleethorpes | 83 | 18 | 65 | 72 | 7 ,, |
| Mrs. Charles Westendarp | Aldeburgh | 81 | 12 | 69 | 75 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. Semmence | North Hants. | 81 | 14 | 67 | 73 | 6 ,, |
| Miss M. Edgar | Beeston Fields | 84 | 16 | 68 | 74 | 6 ,, |
| Mrs. A. R. Raine | Moseley | 85 | 17 | 68 | 74 | 6 ,, |
| Miss Peggy Edwards | Manchester | 74 | 4 | 70 | 75 | 5 ,, |
| Miss M. Irving | Olton | 80 | 12 | 68 | 73 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. A. M. Bell | Hillside | 84 | 14 | 70 | 75 | 5 ,, |
| Miss M. C. F. Wishart | Irvine | 87 | 15 | 73 | 77 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. A. Higham | Wilpshire | 85 | 15 | 70 | 75 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. M. Tucker | Royal Blackheath | 84 | 15 | 69 | 74 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. Courtney | Shirley Park | 83 | 15 | 68 | 73 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. H. F. Cunliffe | The Branhall G.C., Ltd. | 86 | 16 | 70 | 75 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. D. Whittaker | Worsley | 85 | 16 | 69 | 74 | 5 ,, |
| Miss M. R. Tracey | North Wilts. | 84 | 17 | 67 | 72 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. Isabel Hobson | Ringway | 84 | 17 | 67 | 72 | 5 ,, |
| Miss J. Parry | Trentham | 89 | 18 | 71 | 76 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. M. Houghton | Withington | 87 | 18 | 69 | 74 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. W. H. Linnell | North Oxford | 84 | 18 | 66 | 71 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. G. M. Stuart | Great Yarmouth | 75 | 4 | 71 | 75 | 4 ,, |

## Bronze Division (19 to 36)

| Player. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handi-cap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Young | Fulwood Park | 90 | 34 | 56 | 70 | 14 below |
| Mrs. S. A. McCullagh | Grimsby | 98 | 36 | 62 | 75 | 13 ,, |
| Mrs. W. A. Lowe | The Bramhall G.C., Ltd. | 84 | 21 | 63 | 75 | 12 ,, |
| Mrs. E. A. Newstead | Sundridge Park | 90 | 27 | 63 | 75 | 12 ,, |
| Miss M. Mathew | Exeter | 91 | 29 | 62 | 74 | 12 ,, |
| Miss B. Tooms | Walmer and Kingsdown | 84 | 21 | 63 | 74 | 11 ,, |
| Mrs. E. M. Jones | Holyhead | 88 | 26 | 62 | 73 | 11 ,, |
| Miss J. Hudson | Worsley | 88 | 24 | 64 | 74 | 10 ,, |
| Miss W. Marrian | Northenden | 87 | 24 | 63 | 73 | 10 ,, |
| Miss P. G. Ryan | Outlane | 86 | 26 | 60 | 70 | 10 ,, |
| Miss F. Goulden | Heysham | 95 | 29 | 66 | 76 | 10 ,, |
| Mrs. J. James | Filford Heath | 94 | 31 | 63 | 73 | 10 ,, |
| Miss J. Miller | Leek | 95 | 32 | 63 | 73 | 10 ,, |
| Miss P. M. Cope | Heswall | 95 | 32 | 63 | 73 | 10 ,, |
| Miss Chapman | Kingsthorpe | 98 | 34 | 64 | 74 | 10 ,, |
| Mrs. Townsend | North Oxford | 97 | 36 | 61 | 71 | 10 ,, |
| Mrs. C. C. Wilson | Tiverton | 89 | 24 | 65 | 74 | 9 ,, |
| Mrs. A. L. Exell | Bushey Heath | 91 | 28 | 63 | 72 | 9 ,, |
| Mrs. K. V. Temple Wilson | Ringway | 92 | 29 | 63 | 72 | 9 ,, |
| Miss E. Marsh | Sandiway | 96 | 31 | 65 | 74 | 9 ,, |
| Miss I. E. Shorter | North Wales | 100 | 36 | 64 | 73 | 9 ,, |
| Miss G. H. Read | Coventry | 99 | 36 | 63 | 72 | 9 ,, |
| Miss V. B. Pearce | West Middlesex | 89 | 24 | 65 | 73 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. E. Shaw | Leamington | 88 | 24 | 64 | 72 | 8 ,, |
| Miss M. Parr | Walmley | 90 | 25 | 65 | 73 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. Boynes | South Shields | 95 | 27 | 68 | 76 | 8 ,, |
| Miss E. V. Latimer | Leamington | 94 | 30 | 64 | 72 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. D. M. Carter | The Southwell G.C., Ltd. | 97 | 33 | 64 | 72 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. D. Whatley | Ealing | 103 | 36 | 67 | 75 | 8 ,, |
| Mrs. Rita Swinscoe | Upminster | 99 | 36 | 63 | 71 | 8 ,, |

The spoon for the best gross score of the month which does not win a handicap spoon is awarded to Mrs. J. B. Watson after a tie with Miss Jennings. Mrs. Watson returned 75 gross at Gullane No. 1, where the scratch score is 76.

## The "Bystander"

## LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

**(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937**

**and**

## LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

**(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937**

*By kind invitation of the respective clubs.*

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners. runners-up and semi-finalists.

### CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

*All entries for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

### ENTRANCE FORM

**Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937** **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

**Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—**

**Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th**

**Roehampton Foursomes—**

**Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th**

*(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)*

*I lease enter*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

*L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address* .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

*To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

*L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address* .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

*Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

*Name* *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

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# Getting Married :

## The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

### *Audrey Langford Brown*

*Is the only daughter of the late Rev. O. R. Langford Brown and Mrs. Brown, of 58, St. Mark's Road, W.10, and is engaged to Frederick Craig Riddle, son of the late Frederick Riddle and Mrs. Riddle, of 39, Russell Road, W.14*

Lenare

### *Angela Brown*

*Angela Margaret Turville Brown, second daughter of the late G. Turville Brown and Mrs. Turville Brown, of 11, Little College St., Westminster, is engaged to Richard Kenneth Saker, son of the late Maj. R. Saker and Mrs. J. O. Farrer, of Stone House, Broadstairs*

Pearl Freeman

### *Eileen Deane*

*Is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Deane, of The Old Hall, Collingham, Newark; she is engaged to Captain Gordon Coates, the Devonshire Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Coates, of Aspley Guise, Beds.*

Navana

### *Sybil Margery Bell*

*Is the eldest daughter of the Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Bell, of Ladbroke Rectory, Rugby, and is engaged to D. J. Strickland, younger son of Captain W. F. Strickland, M.P., and Mrs. Strickland, of Allesley, Coventry*

Lenare

### *Lorna Symonds*

*Is the daughter of the Rev. H. H. Symonds and the late Mrs. Symonds, of Wood Close, Grasmere, and is to marry Neill Fisher, son of the Headmaster of Oundle and Mrs. Kenneth Fisher*

Lenare

### *Barbara Noel Roffey*

*Is engaged to John Middleton Campbell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Colgrain, Dumbartonshire; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Roffey, of Hayesden House, near Tonbridge, Kent*

Lenare

### *Sylvia Mary Gunn*

*Is the second daughter of the late Arthur L. Gunn and Mrs. Gunn, of 45, Castlemain Avenue, South Croydon, and is engaged to George Collard, son of Major-Gen. A. S. Collard, C.B., and Mrs. Collard*

Navan

### *Elizabeth Marris*

*Is the only daughter of Canon S. P. and Mrs. Marris, of Ajmer, Rajputana, India; she is to marry D. A. O'Conor, The Lincolnshire Regt., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. O'Conor, of Ashley Moor, Orleton, Ludlow*

### *Hills — Procter*

*Gordon Hills, of Sidcup, Kent, married Mabel Procter at St. John's, Sidcup. She is the daughter of Major Henry A. Procter, M.P. for Accrington, and Mrs. Procter, of Allestree, The Drive, Sidcup*

### *Wilmot-Sitwell — Coleman*

*Lieut.-Com. Francis Wilmot-Sitwell, son of the late F. S. Wilmot-Sitwell and Mrs. Sitwell, of Buckland Cottage, Lymington, and Winifred Coleman, daughter of the late George Coleman and Mrs. Coleman, of 23, Fourth Avenue, Hove, were married at St. Olave's, Hart Street*

### *Cairns — Hope Wallace*

*Eric Cairns and Ruth Hope Wallace were married at Haltwhistle, Northumberland. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cairns, of Duke's House, Hexham, Northumberland; she is the daughter of the late Mr. Hope Wallace and the Hon. Mrs. Wallace, of Featherstone Castle, Haltwhistle*

### *Eley — Wake-Walker*

*Geoffrey Cecil Ryves Eley, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eley, of East Bergholt Place, Suffolk, and Penelope Wake-Walker, elder daughter of Captain Wake-Walker, R.N., and Mrs. Walker, of East Bergholt Lodge, were married at East Bergholt*

### *Johnston — Cameron*

*Denis Leslie Cramond Johnston, only son of the late Thomas Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, of 27, Scotland Street, Edinburgh, and Jean Cameron, only daughter of Mr. Finlay James Cameron, general manager of Caledonian Insurance, were married at Cramond Parish Church*

### *Marshall — Tetley Jones*

*David Ian Marshall, R.A., only son of the late Major E. T. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, and Sarah Grizeal Tetley Jones, only daughter of the late W. Tetley Jones and Mrs. Tetley Jones, of Chandlers, Earl's Colne, Essex, were married at Earl's Colne Church*

### *Hordern — Chance*

*Peter Hordern, second son of Captain and the late Mrs. E. J. C. Hordern, of Stratford House, Holt, Wilts., and Vivien Chance, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chance, of 86, Westfield Road, Edgbaston, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

### *Bell — Best*

*At St. Mary's, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Joseph Austin Douglas Bell, only son of Major and the late Mrs. J. A. D. Bell, of Cedar Court, Alderton, Woodbridge, married Mrs. Iris Best, only daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Bolton, of Kyson Point, Woodbridge*

*Lenare*

### *Twinberrow — Stiles*

*John Denis Twinberrow, son of the late John Wulstan Twinberrow and Mrs. Twinberrow, of The Rangers, Dursley, Glos., and Cynthia Mary Stiles, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Missing, of Alnmet Barn, Durham, were married at All Souls', Langham Place*

### *Burrows — Hodgson*

*Miles Govan Burrows, elder son of Sir Robert and Lady Burrows, of Bonis Hall, Prestbury, and Edith Hodgson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Hodgson, of Houghton, Johannesburg, were married at Prestbury Parish Church*

### *Holland — Prickard*

*At Cwmdauddwr Parish Church, James Sothern Holland, eldest son of Sir Reginald and Lady Holland, of Westwell Manor, Burford, Oxon., married Elisabeth Prickard, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan Prickard, of Dderw, Rhayader, Radnorshire*

*Lenare*

### *McArthur — Upton*

*At St. Columba's, Pont Street, Charles Ronald McArthur, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McArthur, of Stuckgown House, Tarbet, Loch Lomond, married Ruth Frances Upton, daughter of the late Selwyn Upton and Mrs. Upton, of Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.*

# The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## September 15 — September 21

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

### THEATRES

#### Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others and misses the mark, but is still an excellent play, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood among whom are C. V. France, Franklin Dyall and Colin Keith-Johnson: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK.—The Haymarket production of Sean O'Casey's tragi-comedy, with Maire O'Neill and Sara Allgood, is at the Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about another pseudo-Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

#### Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Billy Mayerl composed it, Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff act in it: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 96.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

#### Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in the sparkling long-runner that is nearing its end: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FEUD.—Edmund Willard, Fred Groves, Merle Tottenham in a crime mystery based on a fraternal feud: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

*"Time and the Conways"*

*Time has played with the Conways in this picture, and we see Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest in the modern sequence of J. B. Priestley's play at the Duchess*

WANTED FOR MURDER.—Rather an ingenious thriller with a variety of novel scenes gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence De Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

#### First Nights

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest comes from Blackpool with good reports; Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, Thurs., 16th.

PYGMALION.—The Buxton Festival production, with Diana Wynyard as Eliza, Robert Morley as Higgins: Old Vic, Tues., 21st.

TAKE IT EASY.—American Barbara Blair wrote it, and acts in it; Patricia Burke leads: Palace, Tues., 21st.

### CINEMAS

ACTION FOR SLANDER (British).—Clive Brook, Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott in a good, tense drama of English higher life: London Pavilion.

BRIEF ECSTASY (British).—Paul Lukas has Marie Ney for twenty years as housekeeper, so there's trouble when he wants to marry young Linden Travers; Greville directed this original version of eternal triangle: Curzon.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938 (American).—Big and rich cast in this slightly premature musical; Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Binnie Barnes, Sophie Tucker: Empire.

A CASILE IN FLANDERS (German).—Marta Eggerth acts brilliantly opposite Paul Hartmann, and sings some husky melodies in this modern romance: Berkeley.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING (American).—A gay romance, with Bing Crosby in full voice, Mary Carlisle and comedienne Martha Ray: Carlton.

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD (British).—A film primitive about the abandonment of livelihood on a Shetland island; also *Think Fast, Mr. Moko*, about a Jap detective: New Gallery.

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OVER SHE GOES (British).—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in their original stage parts; Claire Luce, Max Baer as a prizefighter (!), Gina Malo: Regal.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Plaza.

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (French).—René Clair's classic as the fifth of this repertory season: Studio One.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in an all-technicolour tragedy of film life: Tivoli.

WAKE UP AND LIVE (American).—Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, American columnists and radio wise-crackers, head the cast of film folk in a play about themselves: Gaumont.

#### Premieres

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy, Fri., 17th.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square, Thurs., 16th.

### BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—The autumn season at Covent Garden (first performance of *The Gods go A-Begging*, Fri., 17th): 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.15:

BRAHMS CONCERT.—Tragic Overture, first symphony, Violin concerto in D (Arthur Catterall); also Maurice Johnstone's Welsh Rhapsody and a Grieg Norwegian Dance: to-night, 15th.

HANDEL CONCERT.—4th Concerto Grosso, Oboe concerto in G minor (Leon Goossens), Organ concerto in B flat (Germani), the B.B.C. Choral Society in choruses from the operas and oratorios: Thurs., 16th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Fidelio overture, Piano concerto in C minor (Myra Hess), song cycle (John McKenna), Fourth symphony: Fri., 17th.

MIXED CONCERT.—Olga Haley, Robert Easton, and Cyril Smith are the soloists; Wagner, Handel, Grieg, Strauss, Sibelius, Berlioz and Purcell the composers: Sat., 18th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Eva Turner, Parry Jones, Roy Henderson in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 20th.

STRAUSS CONCERT.—Elizabeth Schumann in songs with orchestra; also Till Eulenspiegel, Don Quixote and excerpts from operas: Tues., 21st.

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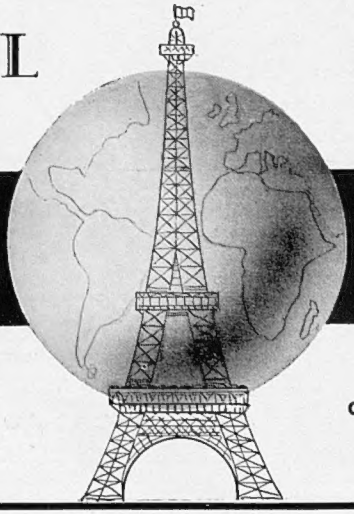

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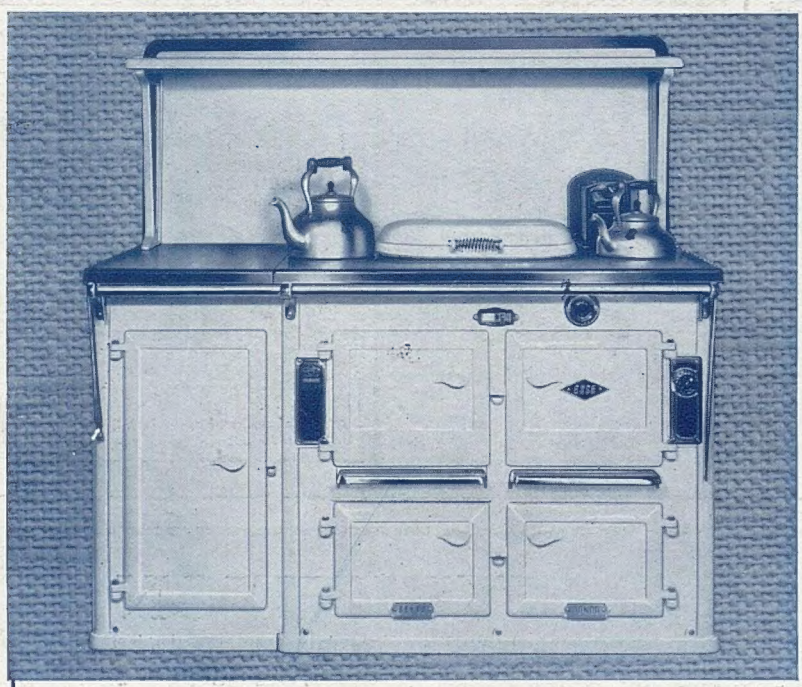

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